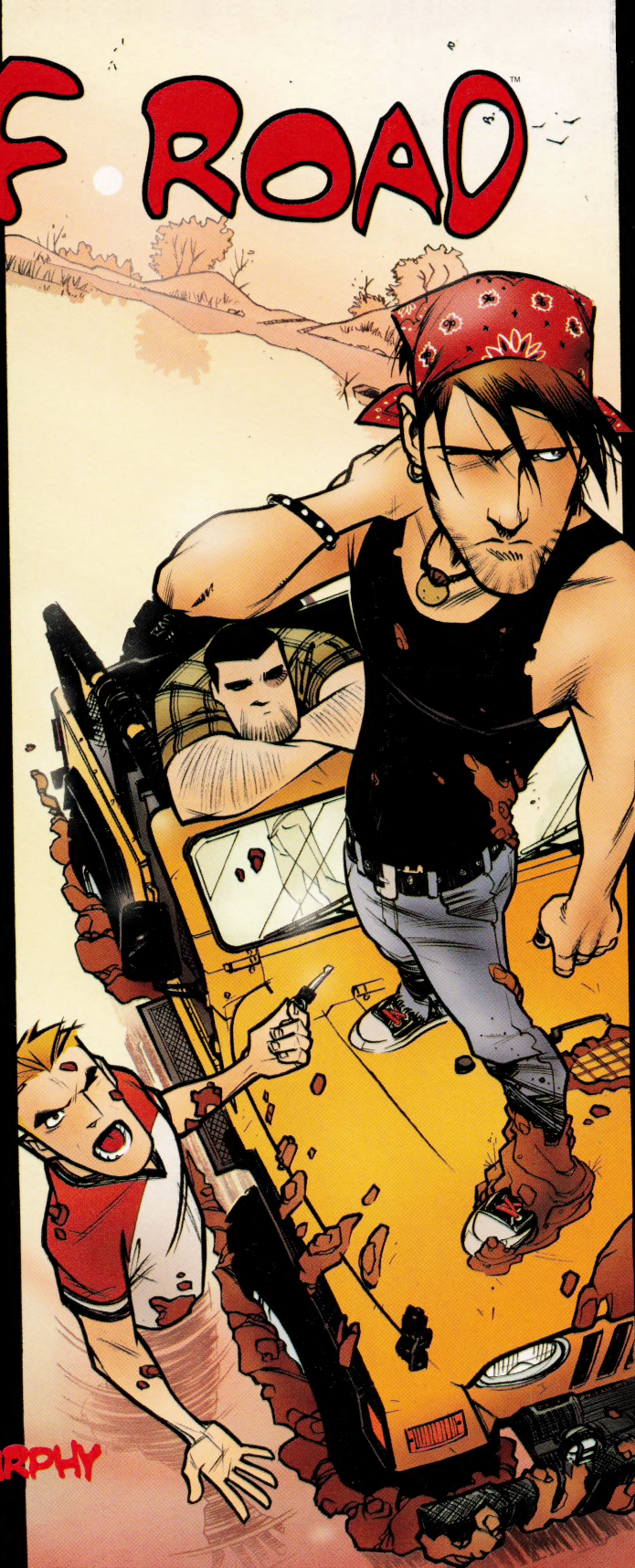
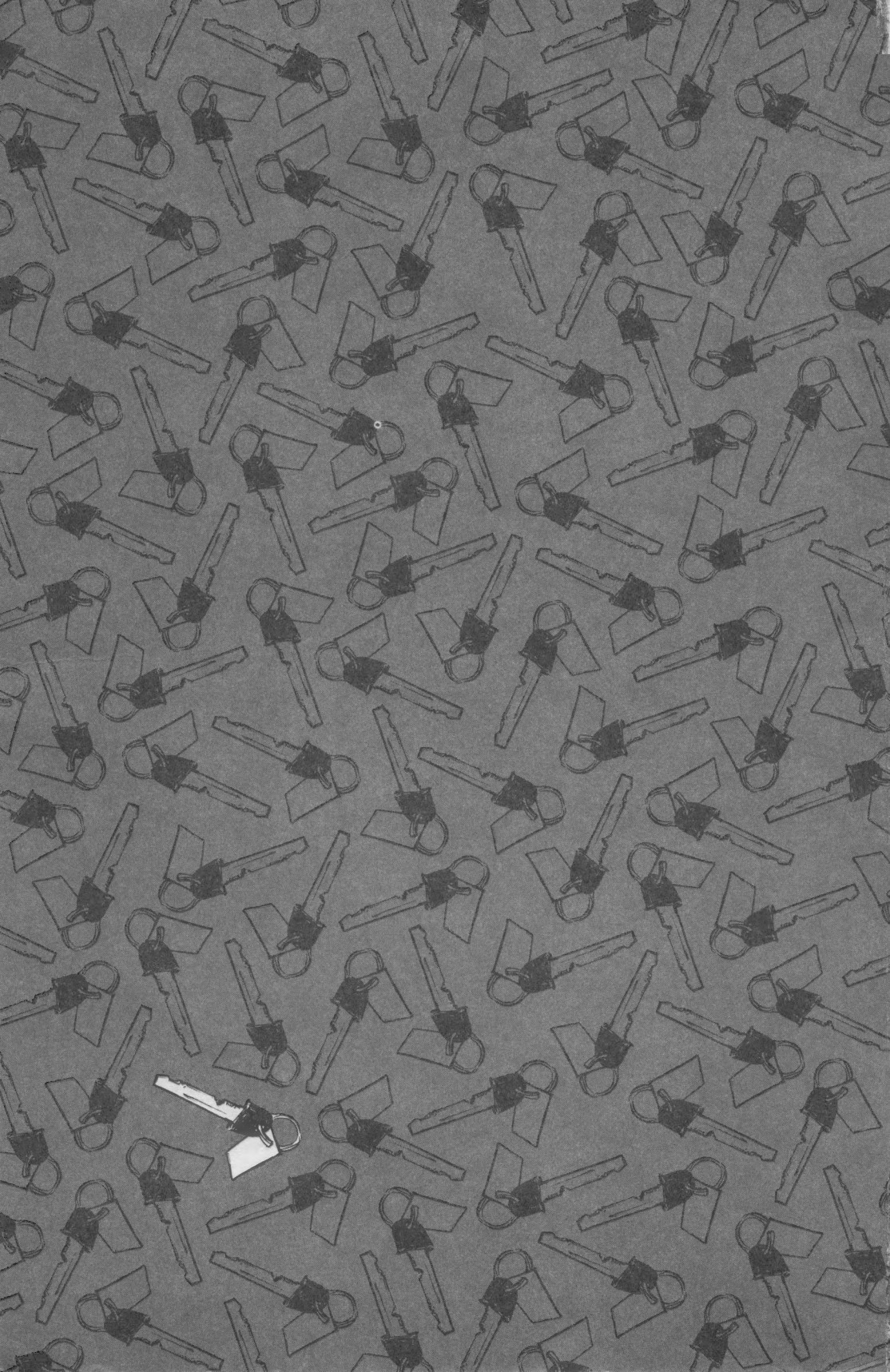
OFF ROAD™



BY
SEAN MURPHY



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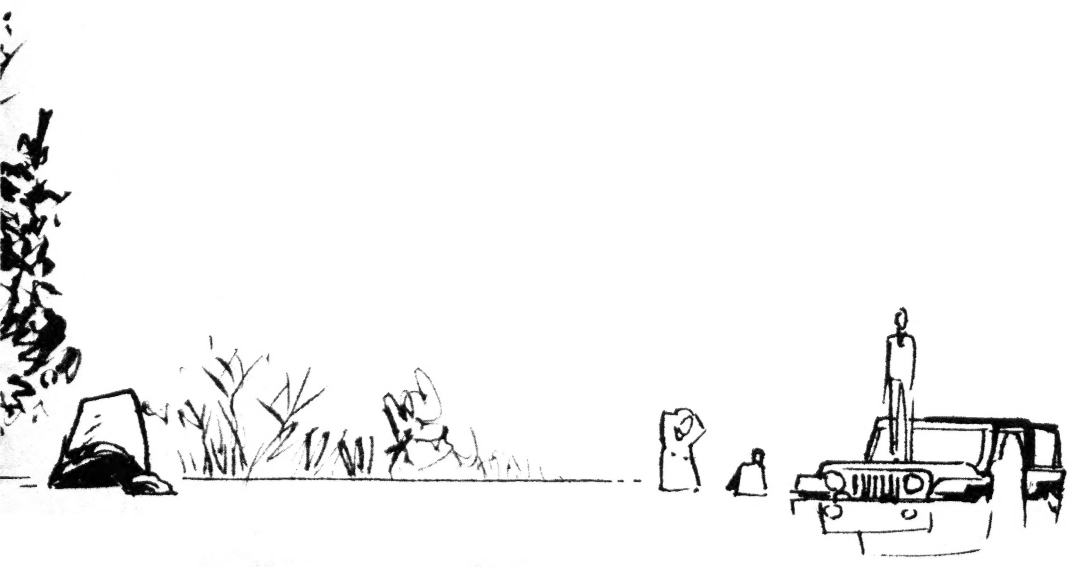
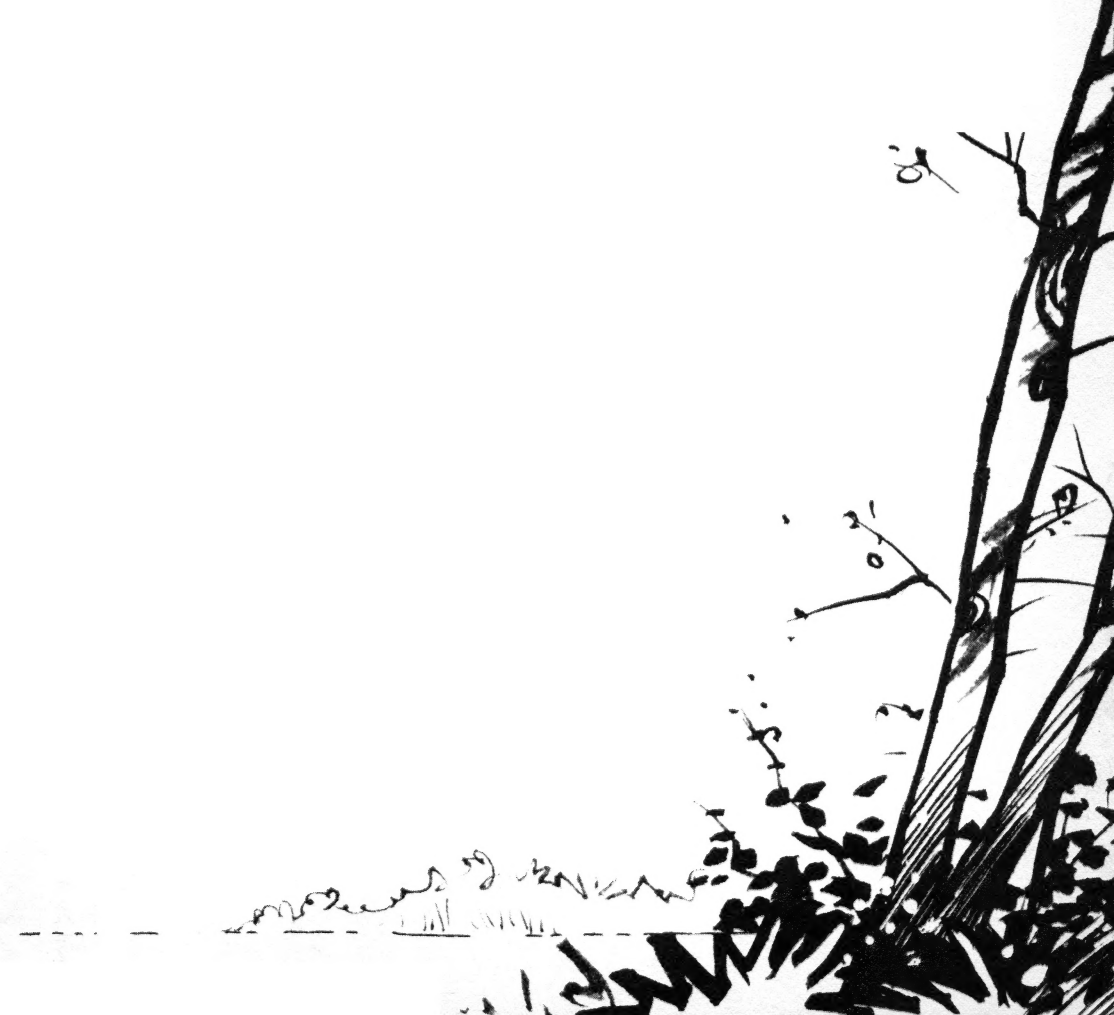
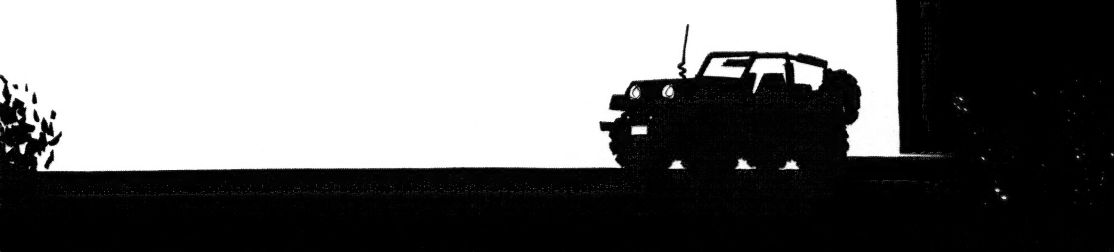


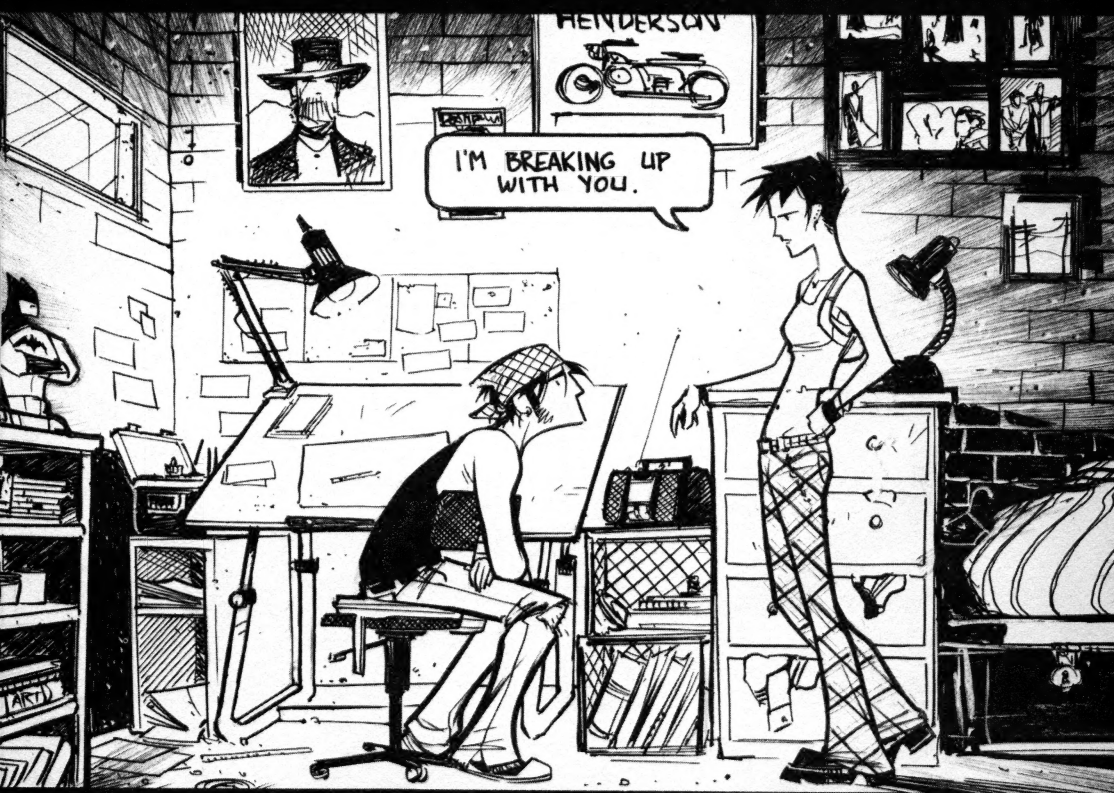
This book is dedicated to Joe
(who pulled us out).

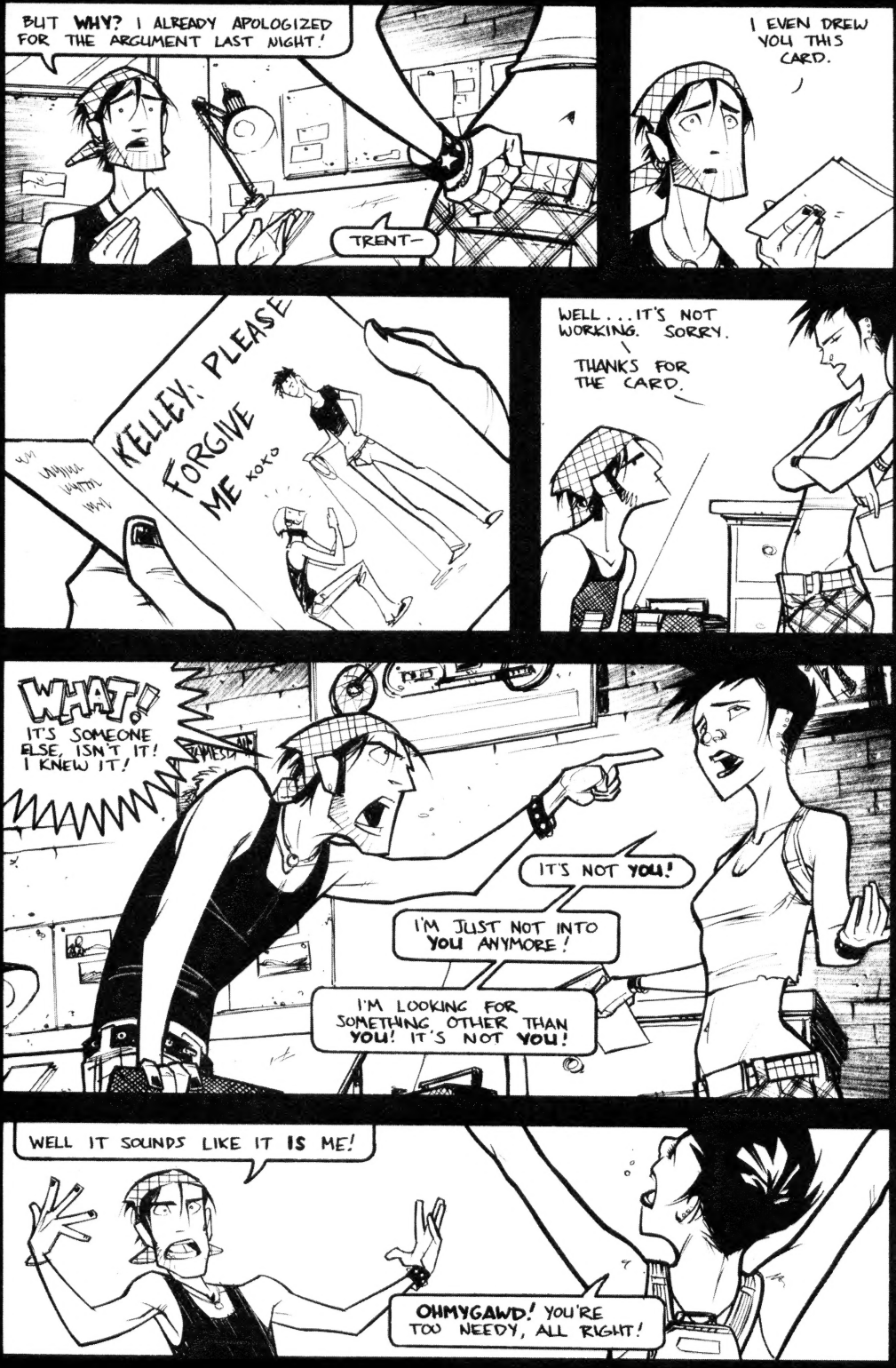


"Genius is like four wheel drive—it enables you to get stuck in even more remote places."

-Aristotle



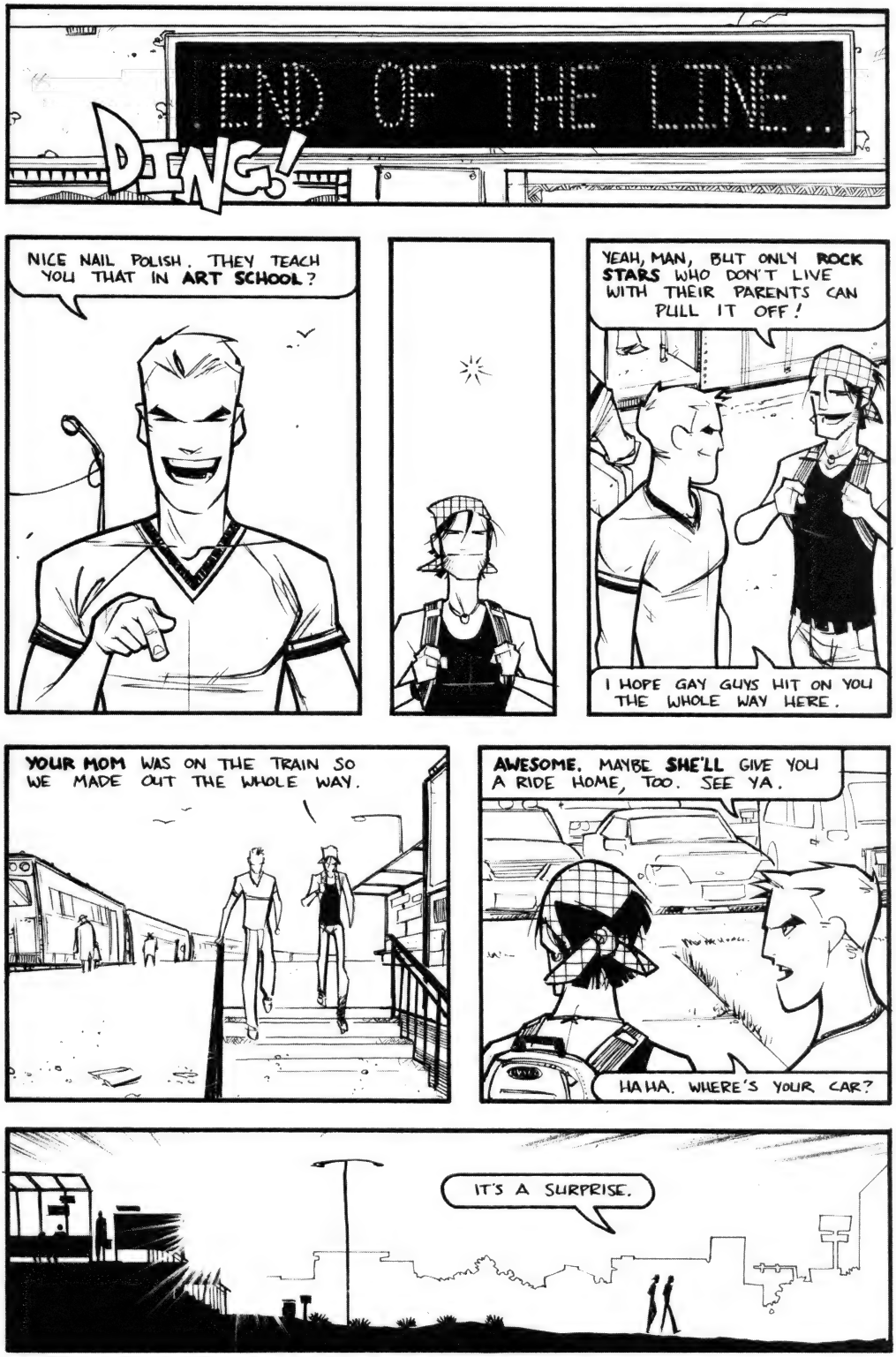

HENDERSON
I'M BREAKING UP WITH YOU.


BUT WHY? I ALREADY APOLOGIZED FOR THE ARGUMENT LAST NIGHT!
TRENT-
I EVEN DREW YOU THIS CARD.
KELLEY, PLEASE FORGIVE ME XOXO
WELL...IT'S NOT WORKING. SORRY.
THANKS FOR THE CARD.
WHAT!
IT'S SOMEONE ELSE, ISN'T IT! I KNEW IT!
IT'S NOT YOU!
I'M JUST NOT INTO YOU ANYMORE!
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN YOU! IT'S NOT YOU!
WELL IT SOUNDS LIKE IT IS ME!
OHMYGAWD! YOU'RE TOO NEEDY, ALL RIGHT!

ALL YOU DO IS SIT IN YOUR ROOM AND DRAW, THINKING OF HOW YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR EVERYTHING THAT GOES WRONG IN YOUR LIFE!
I'VE REALIZED THAT I NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE ADVENTURE... SOMEONE WHO'S NOT SCARED TO TAKE RISKS!
WELL, CAN I AT LEAST HAVE MY CARD BACK?
IT'S MINE! YOU GAVE IT TO ME!
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW YOU WERE A WHORE!
WHATEVER. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
OH...
...YOU LEFT THESE.
WALTER
BUT... THESE AREN'T MINE.
WHATEVER. HAVE A NICE TRIP HOME.
WHO THE HELL IS WALTER?

SLAM!

WE ALL THINK WE'RE STRONGER THAN WE REALLY ARE.
IT BECOMES SO CLEAR WHEN YOU'VE BEEN HURT.
I SPENT THE LAST TEN MONTHS TRYING TO DESTROY THE COWARD I WAS WHEN I LEFT.
I THOUGHT THE CITY WOULD MAKE ME TOUGHER AND THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER TREAD ON ME AGAIN.
BUT I HADN'T CHANGED.
I SAW WHAT I WAS AND IT WASN'T MUCH.
AND NOTHING I DID COULD HIDE THAT.


END OF THE LINE..
DING!
NICE NAIL POLISH. THEY TEACH YOU THAT IN ART SCHOOL?
YEAH, MAN, BUT ONLY ROCK STARS WHO DON'T LIVE WITH THEIR PARENTS CAN PULL IT OFF!
I HOPE GAY GUYS HIT ON YOU THE WHOLE WAY HERE.
YOUR MOM WAS ON THE TRAIN SO WE MADE OUT THE WHOLE WAY.
AWESOME. MAYBE SHE'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE HOME, TOO. SEE YA.
HAHA. WHERE'S YOUR CAR?
IT'S A SURPRISE.

FOR NO REASON AT ALL...
... GREG'S FATHER BOUGHT HIM A YELLOW JEEP.
SOLD
I'D STOPPED GIVING GREG A HARD TIME ABOUT HIS DAD'S BOTTOMLESS WALLET A LONG TIME AGO. HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND AND I'D FEEL LIKE A JERK IF I HURT HIS FEELINGS.
GREG WAS SKIPPING LIKE A GIRL ON THE WALK TO THE DEALERSHIP.
HE'D WANTED A JEEP SINCE HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO SPEAK.

TO ME, A CAR WAS A CAR. BUT SOON THAT ALL CHANGED.
YOU GREG?

THAT'S ME.
AND I'M HIS PARTNER IN CRIME, TRENT.
AWESOME! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS UP TO TODAY?

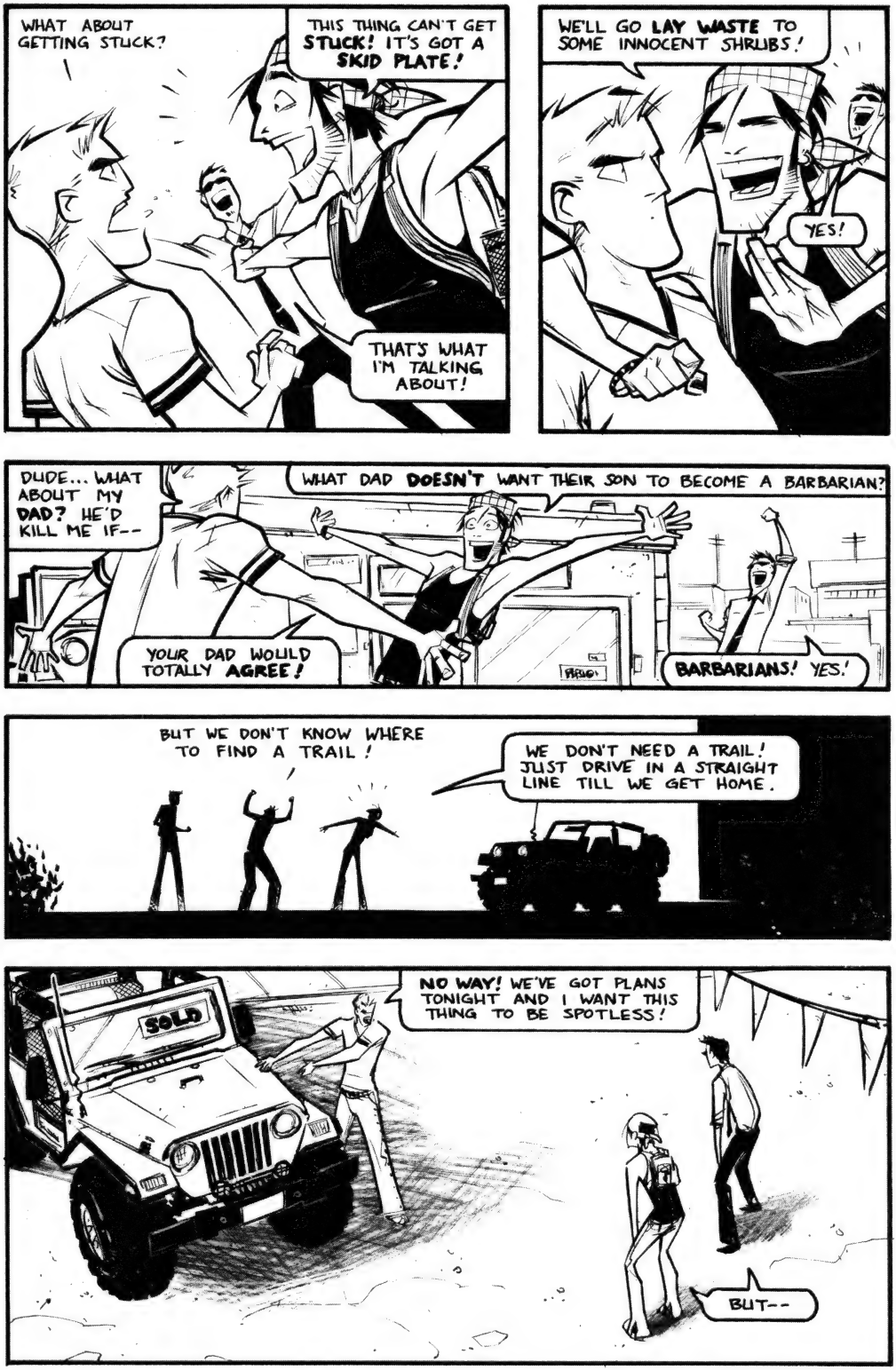
HMM... PROBABLY GONNA PICK UP ANOTHER FRIEND AND THEN JUST DRIVE AROUND FOR!
NO NO NO!
HERE'S WHAT YOU GOTTA DO...

YOU GOTTA TAKE THIS SHIT OFF ROAD!

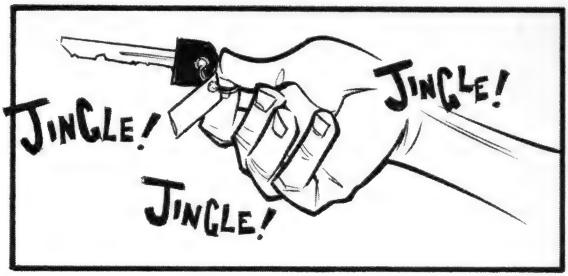
OFF ROAD?
HELL YEAH.
THIS THING WASN'T EVEN MADE FOR DRIVING ON PAVEMENT!
IT WASN'T?

NO WAY, MAN! IT BELONGS IN THE DIRT! IT'S GOT TOOLS THAT NO OTHER VEHICLE HAS!
TOOLS?
TOOLS!

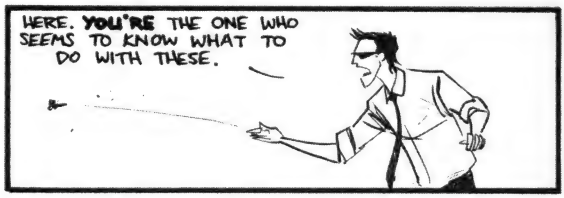
THIS THING HAS SIX CYLINDERS! THAT'S PLENTY OF POWER TO GET OVER ROCKS, RIVERS, PONDS, MUD, SQUIRRELS-
SQUIRRELS?
YEAH! BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT! THIS THING'S GOT A SKID PLATE!
SKID PLATE?
A GOD-DAMNED SKID PLATE MY MAN! THEY'RE DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE BOTTOM OF THE JEEP SO IT CAN GO INTO DANGER--OUS PLACES! ONLY JEEPS HAVE 'EM!
BUT--
JUST IMAGINE ALL THE NAZIS THESE THINGS USED TO PLOW OVER BACK IN THE DAY!
NAZIS?
TOTALLY! JEEPS ARE MADE TO TAKE PUNISHMENT! YOU CAN'T OWN ONE UNLESS YOU
BEAT YOUR JEEP!
YEAH! BEAT YOUR JEEP!

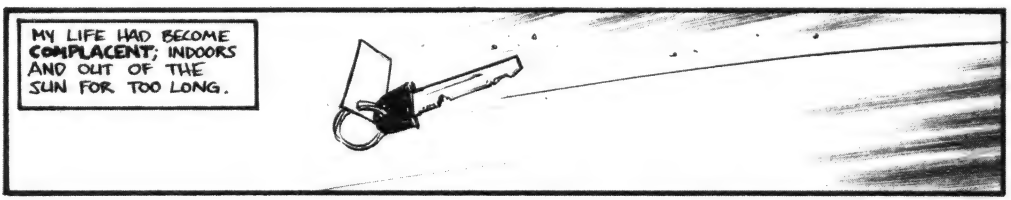

WHAT ABOUT GETTING STUCK?
THIS THING CAN'T GET STUCK! IT'S GOT A SKID PLATE!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
WE'LL GO LAY WASTE TO SOME INNOCENT SHRUBS!
YES!
DUDE... WHAT ABOUT MY DAD? HE'D KILL ME IF--
YOUR DAD WOULD TOTALLY AGREE!
WHAT DAD DOESN'T WANT THEIR SON TO BECOME A BARBARIAN?
BARBARIANS! YES!
BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND A TRAIL!
WE DON'T NEED A TRAIL! JUST DRIVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE TILL WE GET HOME.
SOLD
NO WAY! WE'VE GOT PLANS TONIGHT AND I WANT THIS THING TO BE SPOTLESS!
BUT--

LET'S GO. BRAD'S WAITING.
(SIGH)... WAIT. YOU MIGHT WANT THESE...


JINGLE!
JINGLE!
JINGLE!

THE SOUND OF THOSE KEYS REMINDED ME OF SOMETHING I'D LOST.


HERE. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THESE.


MY LIFE HAD BECOME COMPLACENT; INDOORS AND OUT OF THE SUN FOR TOO LONG.

THESE WERE THE KEYS TO HARNESS WHAT I'D LOST.

WHO THE HELL IS WALTER?
DON'T KNOW. SOME GUY KELLEY WAS BANGING ON THE SIDE.
DUDE... THAT'S MESSED UP. WHO NAMES THEIR KID WALTER?
IT'S THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED WITH LEONA. WHY DO I LET WOMEN WALK ALL OVER ME?
BECAUSE YOU'RE A PUSSY WHO WEARS NAIL POLISH. YOU NEED TO BE MORE LIKE MR. T!
MR. T?
YEAH!
HE'S BIG, HE'S MEAN, AND HE DOESN'T TAKE CRAP FROM ANYONE! I PITY DA FOOL I FIND WEARIN' NAIL POLISH!
RIGHT... SO WHAT ARE THESE PLANS FOR TONIGHT?
BRAD SAYS THERE'S A PARTY WITH SOME OLD HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS. MY OLD FOOTBALL TEAM AND LOTS OF GIRLS.
GREAT.
DUDE... I THOUGHT YOU LIKED GIRLS.
I DO. THAT'S MY PROBLEM.
OH... AND BRAD'S GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU.
WELL... WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW.

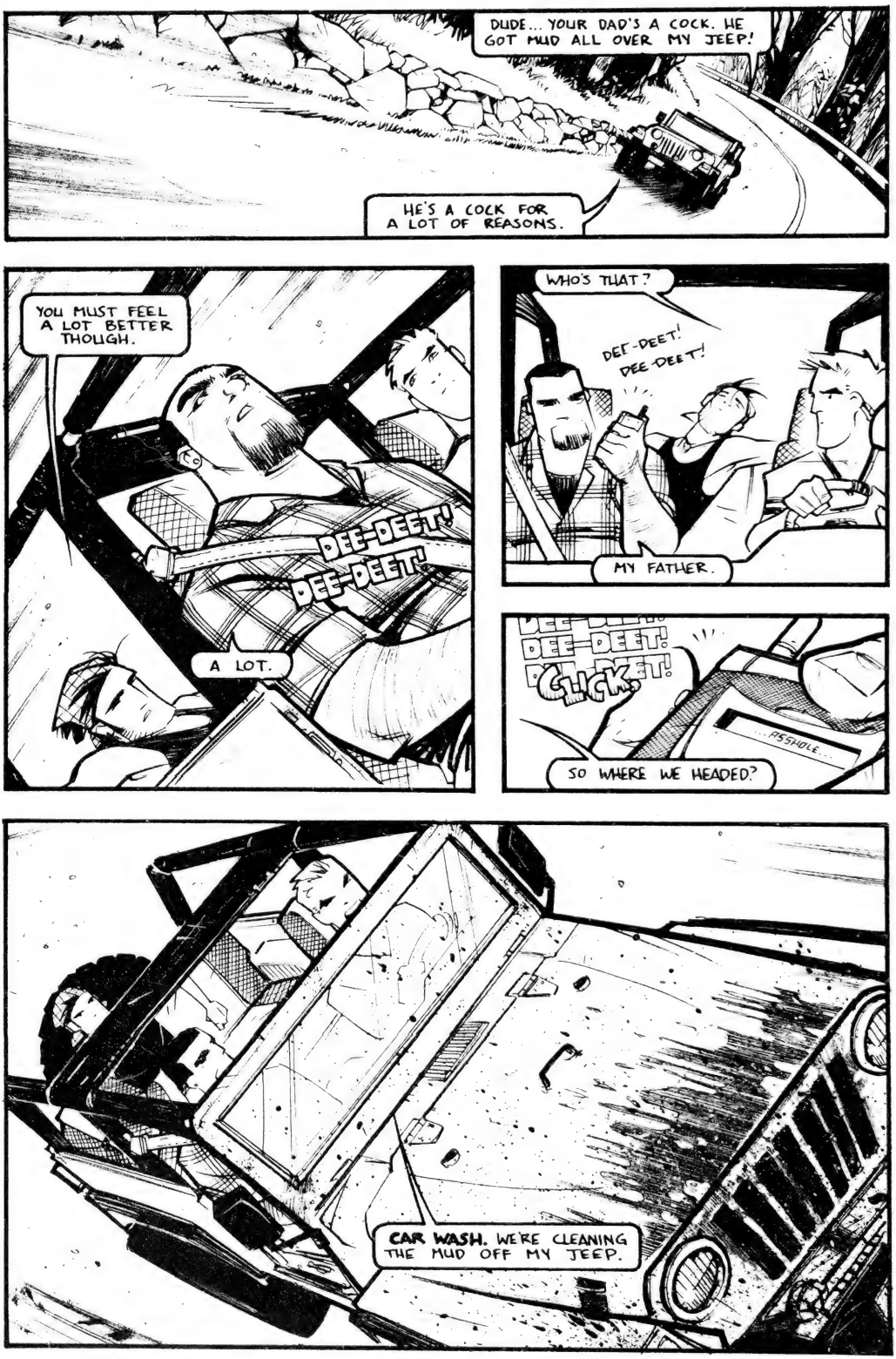
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?
HE DIDN'T TELL ME!
WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK? WHO THE HELL GETS INFORMATION LIKE THAT AND DOESN'T ASK?
DUDE... I DON'T... UH... I FIGURE--
I FIGURE THAT YOUR PARENTS DROPPED YOU REPEATEDLY AS A BABY.
YOUR PARENTS ARE... THE... WITH... YOUR MOM... SHUT UP.
YEAH. GOOD ONE, "T".
WELL... APPARENTLY WALTER DOES.
BWA-HA! HA! HA! HA!
WHO THE HELL WRITES WALTER IN THEIR UNDERWEAR?

BRAD AND I NEVER TRULY GOT ALONG.
WE JUST PUT UP WITH EACH OTHER BECAUSE OF GREG.
BRAD'S MACHO FAÇADE ALWAYS BUGGED ME. NO MATTER WHAT YOUR LIFE WAS LIKE, HIS WAS ALWAYS TOUGHER.
AND HE WAS ALWAYS SURE TO REMIND YOU EVERY CHANCE HE GOT.
I WISH I COULD IGNORE IT LIKE GREG DID. NOTHING EVER SEEMED TO BOTHER HIM.
BUT I COULDN'T GET PAST IT.
TO ME, BRAD WAS ALL TALK.

DOOF!
WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE? GET OUT!
KRACK!
CALM DOWN BRAD!
I DON'T WANNA SEE YOU NEAR HER AGAIN YOU GOD DAMN BURNOUT!
WHUD.
BRAD! EASE UP! I ALREADY APOLOGI--
YOU THINK AN APOLOGY'S GONNA MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER?
BRAD--
HEY! TAKE IT EASY!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
BRAD!
STAY OUT OF THIS, TRENT!

YOU'RE **OUT** OF THIS FAMILY.
TAKE YOUR SHIT AND LEAVE.
DON'T COME NEAR MOM AGAIN.

SLAM!
SKREEEEEEEEE
BRAD CAUGHT HIS FATHER CHEATING ON HIS MOTHER THE NIGHT BEFORE.
HIS FATHER BEAT HIM.


DUDE... YOUR DAD'S A COCK. HE GOT MUD ALL OVER MY JEEP!
HE'S A COCK FOR A LOT OF REASONS.
YOU MUST FEEL A LOT BETTER THOUGH.
DEE-DEET!
DEE-DEET!
A LOT.
WHO'S THAT?
DEE-DEET!
DEE-DEET!
MY FATHER.
DEE-DEET!
DEE-DEET!
CLICK-ET!
...ASSHOLE...
SO WHERE WE HEADED?
CAR WASH. WE'RE CLEANING THE MUD OFF MY JEEP.

WHY SHOULD WE HELP CLEAN THE MUD OFF YOUR JEEP?
BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO SHOW UP IN A DIRTY JEEP FOR THE PARTY.
YOU DON'T WANT TO.
DUDE... WE'RE NOT OFF ROADING!
WOULD YOU STOP DUDE-ING ME!
OFF ROADING?
YEAH! THAT'S WHAT THE JEEP'S MADE TO DO! WE GO OFF INTO THE WOODS, HAVE A CRAZY ADVENTURE, THEN SHOW UP AT THE PARTY TONIGHT IN A MUDDY JEEP! THINK OF HOW IMPRESSED THE LADIES WILL BE!
THINK OF HOW RETARDED YOU ARE.
THIS THING HAS A SKID PLATE! NOTHING CAN GO WRONG!
WHAT'S A SKID PLATE?
HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW.
DUDE... MR. T WOULD GO OFF ROADING!
NOW WHO'S DUDE-ING, TRENT?
DUDE... YOU'RE A PUSSY!

SPEAKING OF WHICH...
OH YEAH... WHAT IS IT YOU WANTED TO TELL ME?
GUESS WHO'S THROWING THE PARTY TONIGHT.
WHO?
LEONA.
SHIT.

LEONA WAS MY FIRST HUGE CRUSH.
I WAS ABOUT 12 YEARS OLD WHEN I FIRST SAW HER, WAY TOO YOUNG TO BE OBSESSING ABOUT SOMEONE.
LEONA
WILL YOU GO OUT WITH ME? (CHECK ONE)
YES
NO
NO
EVERY TIME SHE REJECTED ME, I'D CRAWL INTO A CAVE AND MOURN MY OWN EXISTENCE.
I STARTED DRAWING IN MY ROOM FOR HOURS EACH DAY, LISTENING TO BON JOVI AND MEATLOAF RECORDS, MUSIC THAT PATHETICALLY REFLECTED THE LOSS AND PAIN I WAS FEELING.
I'D BEEN DRAWING MY WHOLE LIFE, BUT **NOT** LIKE THIS.

IN A WEIRD WAY, SHE MADE ME AN ARTIST.
NO!
NOPE
NEVER
STOP
STOP
STOP

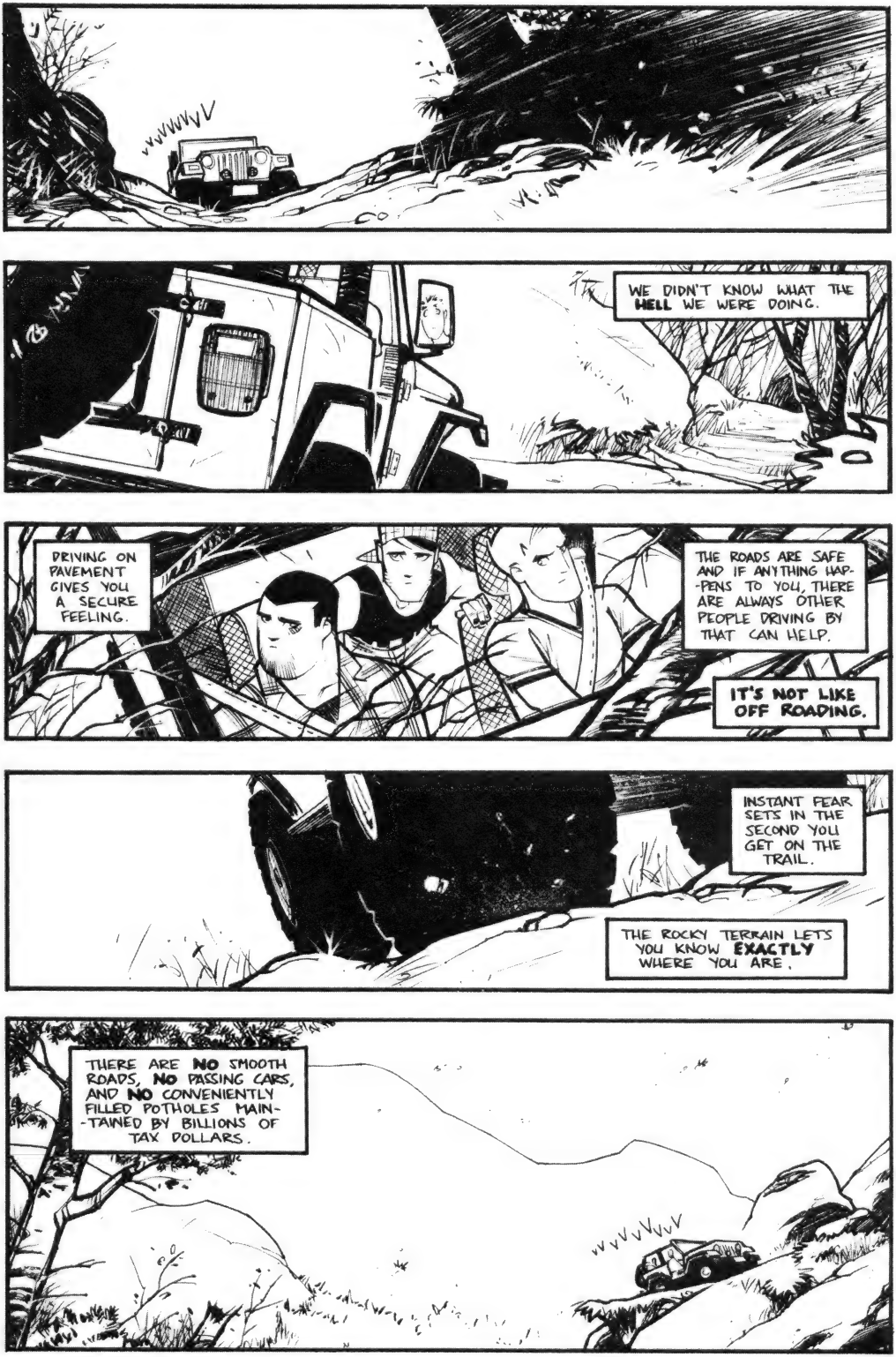
RTTING!
SHE CONSIS-TENTLY LED ME ON...
...SHOT ME DOWN...
...STOOD ME UP...
... AND STOMPED OUT MY SOUL.

BUT FOR SOME REASON I WAS NEVER ABLE TO WAKE UP AND MOVE ON. MY CRUSH WAS SO HUGE THAT I REMAINED HER PATHETIC FRIEND THROUGHOUT HIGH SCHOOL.
THANKS FOR THE RIDE!
HEY! HOW WAS YOUR DATE?
WHY DIDN'T GREG AND BRAD JUST KICK MY ASS FOR BEING SUCH A LOSER?
THAT WELL, HUH?
SO...

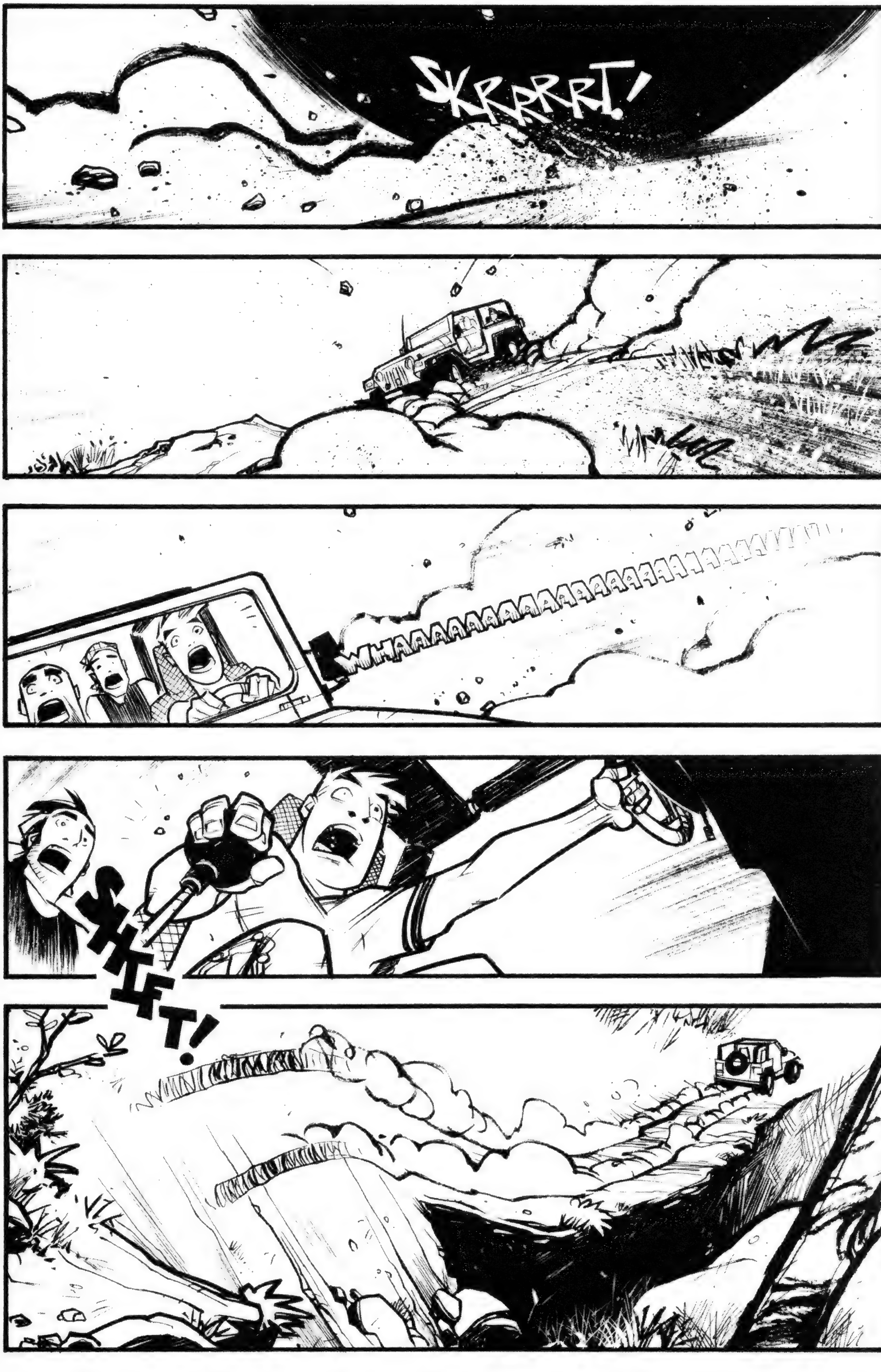
...WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?
NOTHING. IGNORE HER. I DON'T CARE.
HE STILL LIKES HER.
DUDE... STOP BEING A PUSSY. YOU GOTTA MOVE ON!
I'M A PUSSY? YOU'RE THE ONE TOO CHICKEN TO OFF ROAD!
YOU JUST WANT TO OFF ROAD BECAUSE OF YOUR GIRL PROBLEMS.
HE'S RIGHT. FORGET ABOUT IT!
UP YOURS, BRAD!
TAKE A PILL, ASSHOLE!
PULL OVER, GREG! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
WHAT?
JUST PULL OVER!
SIGH...

HOOOF!
SCLOOP!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
WHA...WAIT!
BOONK!
.....
SEE?
SEE HOW HOT THAT LOOKS? YOU WANT TO SHOW UP AT THE PARTY IN A PRETTY YELLOW FLOWER...

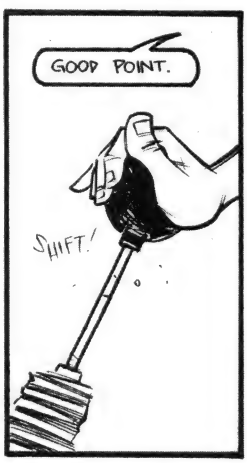
...OR A MUDDY MAN-TANK?
GREG WOULD HAVE DRIVEN OVER HIS OWN MOTHER TO GO OFF ROADING AT THAT POINT.


vvvvvvv
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL WE WERE DOING.
DRIVING ON PAVEMENT GIVES YOU A SECURE FEELING.
THE ROADS ARE SAFE AND IF ANYTHING HAP-PENS TO YOU, THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHER PEOPLE DRIVING BY THAT CAN HELP.
IT'S NOT LIKE OFF ROADING.
INSTANT FEAR SETS IN THE SECOND YOU GET ON THE TRAIL.
THE ROCKY TERRAIN LETS YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE.
THERE ARE NO SMOOTH ROADS, NO PASSING CARS, AND NO CONVENIENTLY FILLED POTHOLES MAIN-TAINED BY BILLIONS OF TAX DOLLARS.
vvvvvvvv

THE FEAR IS WHAT MAKES IT FUN.
THE JEEP MIGHT HAVE BEEN DE--SIGNED FOR NATURE...
...BUT NATURE WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR JEEPS.
SKRIIITCH!


SKRRRRT!
WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
SHIFT!

DUDE... I CAN'T MAKE IT OVER THAT ROCK.
MR. T COULD.

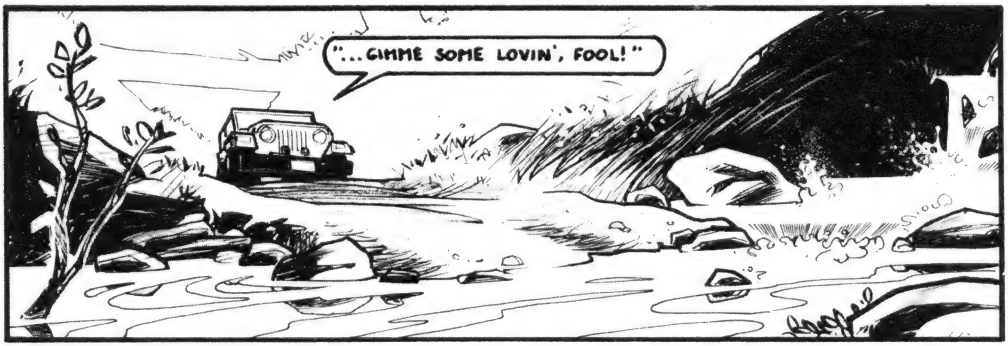

GOOD POINT.
SHIFT!

RRRRRRRRRR

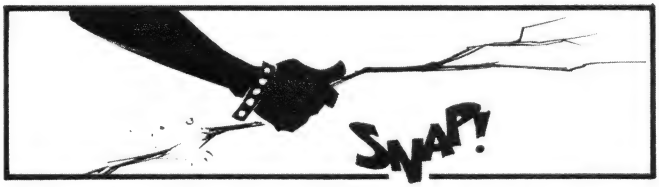
TINK.
TINK.
I HEAR NOTHING.
TINK.
SKREEEEEEEE
DOOM!

TINK.
THUD.
THUD.
WHAT WAS ALL THAT SCRAPING?
SKID PLATE.
WOULD YOU STOP WITH THE SKID PLATE!
FINE. THAT WAS THE SOUND OF A HUGE ROCK SMASHING THE ENGINE.
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! IT WAS THE SKID PLATE!
YOU NEED TO RELAX, GREG.
LET'S SEE HOW RELAXED YOU'D BE TAKING YOUR NEW CAR OVER ROCKS, AND WASHOUTS, TRENT!
AND LOGS.
ARRRGH! DON'T THEY EVER CLEAN THESE TRAILS?
THEN IT WOULDN'T BE OFF ROADING.

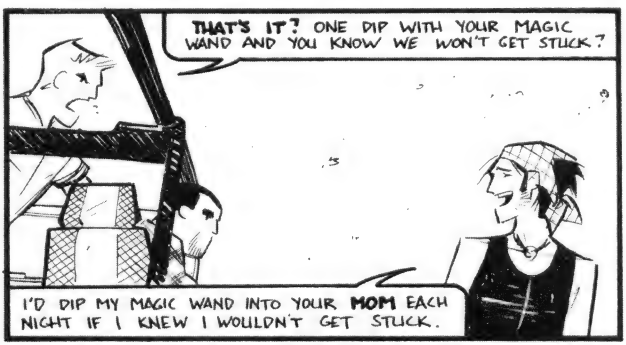
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
DRIVE OVER IT!
NOW YOU GOT BRAD DOING IT, TOO!
IT'S CONTAGIOUS.
I DON'T KNOW... EVEN MR.T KNOWS WHEN TO SAY, "IT'S TIME TO TURN AROUND, FELLAS."
NO, HE WOULDN'T! THE A-TEAM WOULD GANG-BANG MR. T IF HE EVER SAID ANYTHING THAT WHITE!
DUDE... GET YOUR OWN HERO! YOU DON'T EVEN WATCH THE A-TEAM!
"I DON'T WAN'T NO JIBBA-JABBA...


"...GIMME SOME LOVIN', FOOL!"

OH GREAT! A RIVER! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS.
YEAH. WHAT ARE THE ODDS?

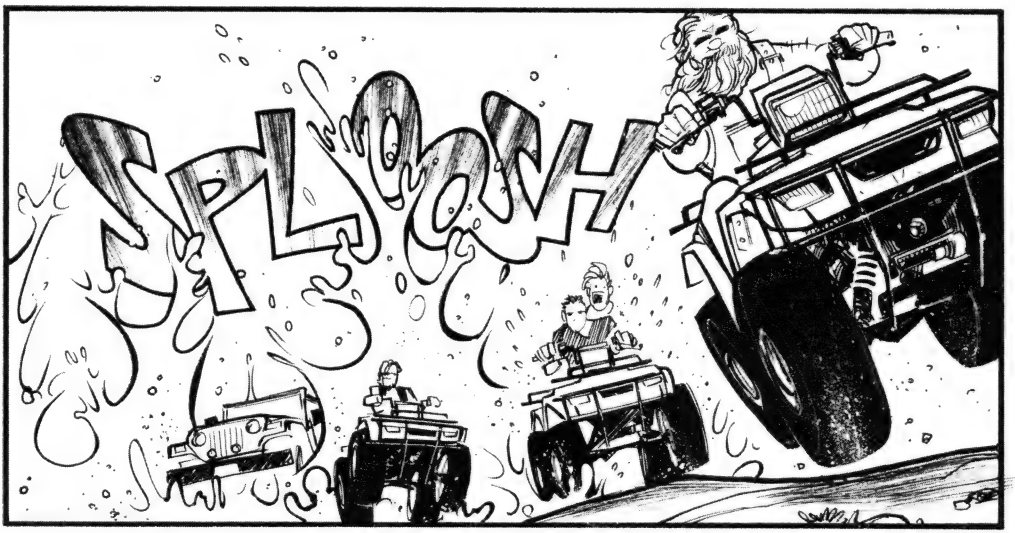

SNAP!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
MEASURING THE DEPTH. IT'S NOT DEEP.
I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT.


THAT'S IT? ONE DIP WITH YOUR MAGIC WAND AND YOU KNOW WE WON'T GET STUCK?
I'D DIP MY MAGIC WAND INTO YOUR MOM EACH NIGHT IF I KNEW I WOULDN'T GET STUCK.

HA HA!
THAT BARELY EVEN MADE SENSE!
YEAH, BUT IT WAS STILL FUNNY!

BUVVVVVV!
DRIVING THROUGH A RIVER! THIS IS PRETTY CRAZY.
YEAH! IF I WAS A CHICK I'D BE ALL OVER ME!

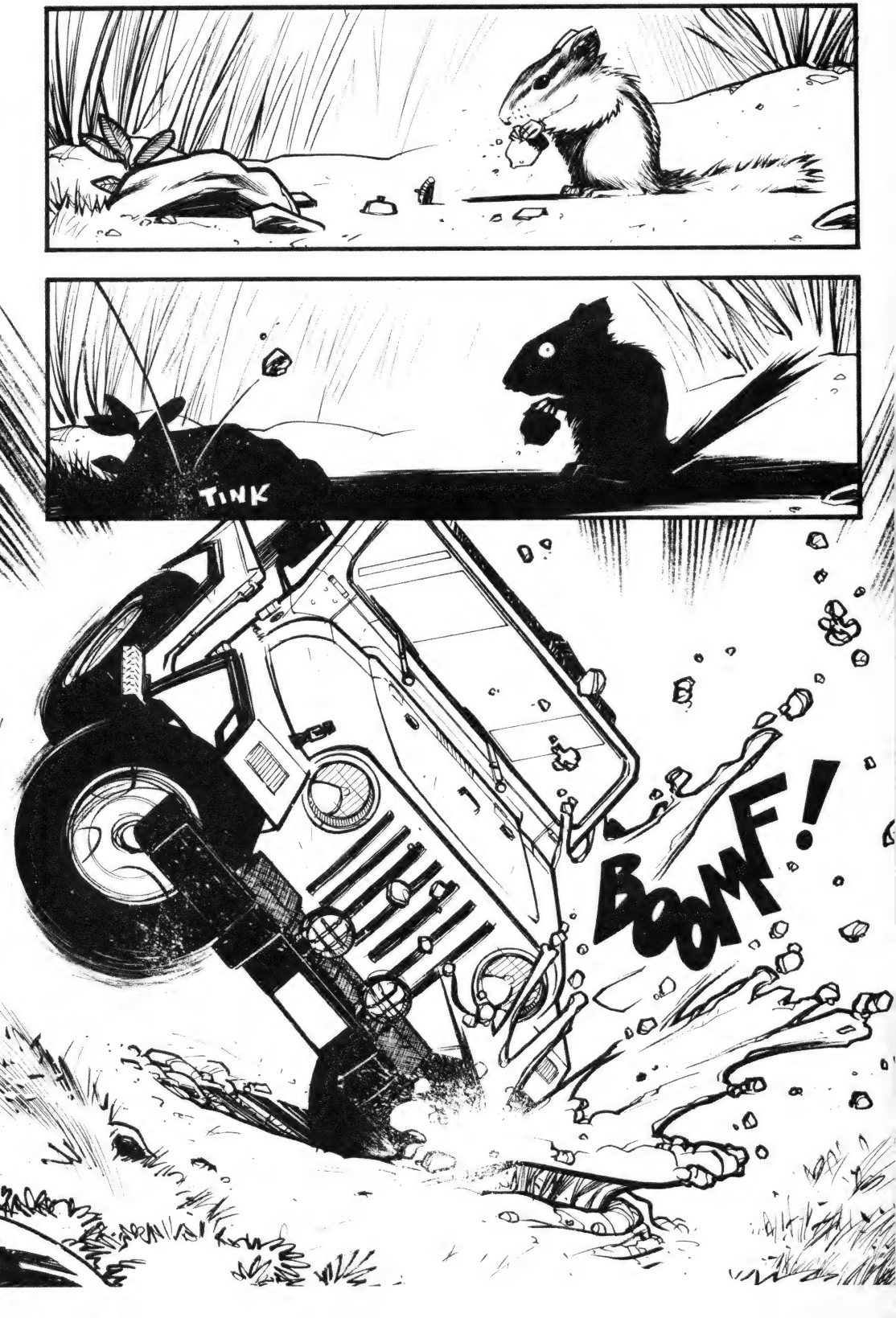

SPLOOSH

YEE-HAW! SEE YOU LATER, PUSSIES!

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
SOME REDNECKS ON 4-WHEELERS JUST CALLED US PUSSIES!
stupid retarded rednecks.... cunt of bitches a piece of them..

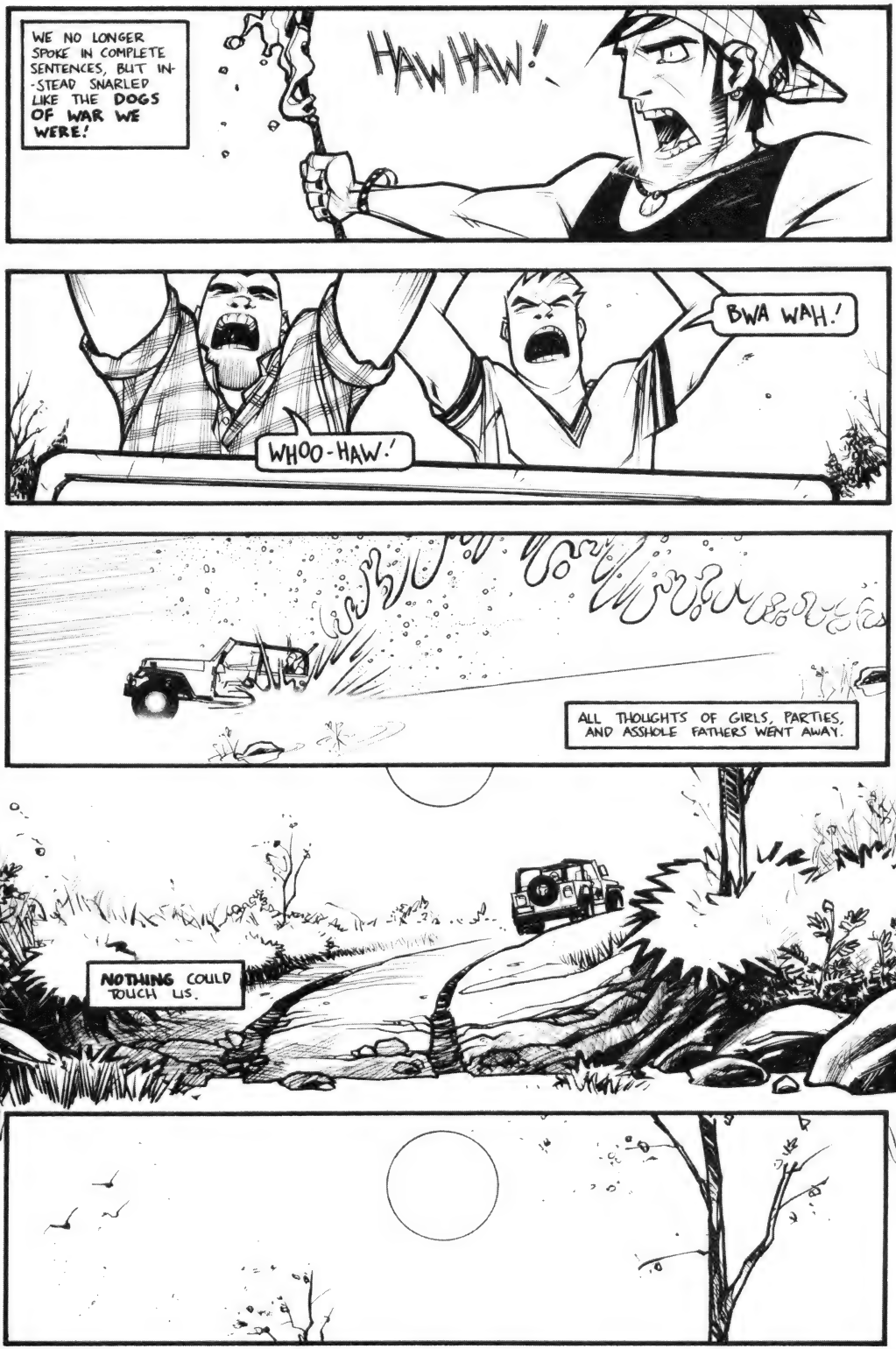
SHIFT!

DUDE... GRAB A HOLD OF SOMETHING.


TINK
BOOMF!

THE TRAIL BECAME OUR ENEMY.
EACH THING WE CONQUERED WAS ANOTHER BITCH-SLAP TO MOTHER NATURE.
THE MORE WE CONQUERED, THE COCKIER WE GOT.
AND AS OUR COCKINESS WENT UP...
...OUR IQs WENT DOWN.
THERE WASN'T A SINGLE BRAIN CELL BETWEEN THE THREE OF US.
WE LEFT COMMON SENSE BACK AT THE RIVER.

OUR BALLS HAD MOVED INTO OUR HEADS AND HAD TAKEN OVER.
I'D WALK UP TO THESE LITTLE PUDDLES WITH MY MEASURING STICK...
... AND PLUNGE IT IN LIKE I WAS CONAN, SLAYING A CRYING MOTHER!


WE NO LONGER SPOKE IN COMPLETE SENTENCES, BUT INSTEAD SNARLED LIKE THE DOGS OF WAR WE WERE!
HAW HAW!
BWA WAH!
WHOO-HAW!
ALL THOUGHTS OF GIRLS, PARTIES, AND ASSHOLE FATHERS WENT AWAY.
NOTHING COULD TOUCH US.

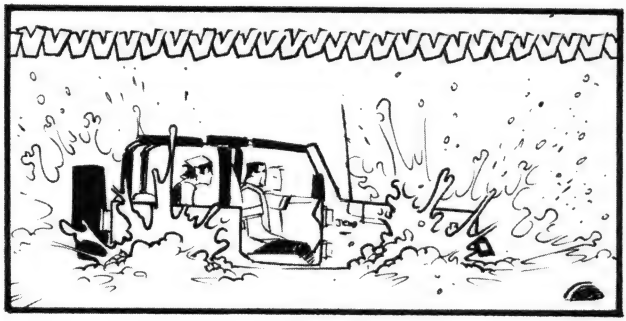
WE COULDN'T TURN BACK.
TURNING BACK MEANT ADMITTING DEFEAT. WE COULDN'T ALLOW THAT...
...NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS.
CAN WE MAKE IT?

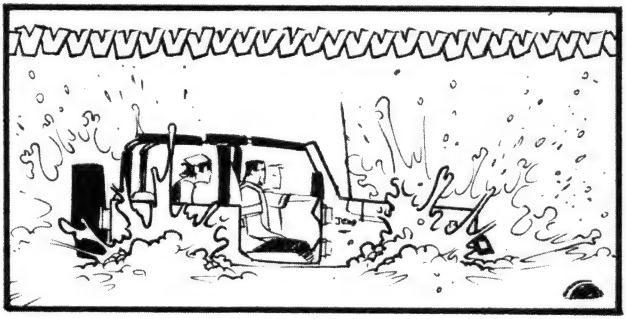
HEH.
WE'D NEVER CROSSED WATER THIS BIG. BUT I WASN'T WORRIED.
USING THE MOST INFANTILE WORDS POSSIBLE, I BEGAN EXPLAINING TO **RETARD** HOW HE COULD CROSS THE SWAMP.
GREG WILL TELL YOU A DIFFERENT STORY THAT HE MADE UP; ONE WHERE **HE** DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A **RETARD.**
WHEN YOU HEAR HIS VERSION, JUST SMILE AND NOD.
(RETARDS ARE OFTEN FOOLED BY THAT.)

OKAY. HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO DO:
SPLASH!
DON'T DRIVE THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE SWAMP BECAUSE YOU'LL GET STUCK!
SHIT.
HUNNY
LOG
ME
JEEP
TRAIL
INSTEAD, DRIVE IN THE SHALLOW WATER AROUND THE EDGE OF THE LOG THAT'S BLOCKING THE TRAIL.
DUDE... I MADE IT!
MY DAD SUCKS.
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T HIT THE LOG!
DIE!
BATS

THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THAT?
AIN'T NO THANG, SUCKA!
RECOGNIZE!
SKMFT!
STOMP!
SKRITCH!
SPLOOSH!

THUDD!



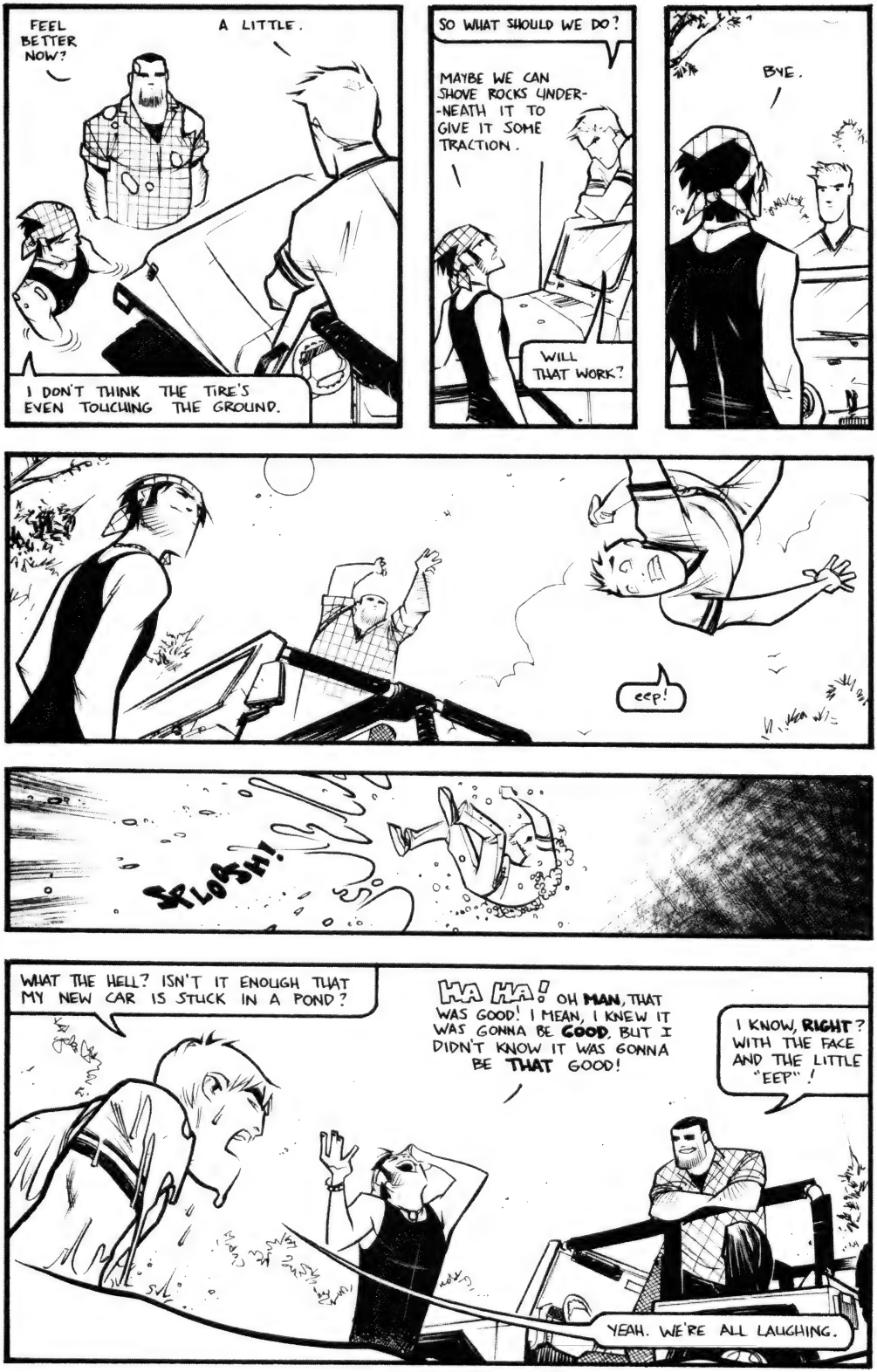


BLUR

SHIT.

WHAT HAPPENED?
THE ENGINE STOPPED. I THINK WE'RE STUCK.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TURN?
I WAS TRYING TO GO AROUND THE LOG LIKE YOU SAID.
YEAH... CLOSELY AROUND THE LOG. YOU WERE NOWHERE NEAR IT!
YOU DIDN'T SAY CLOSELY! YOU SAID GO AROUND!
I SAID TO DRIVE YOUR JEEP CLOSELY AROUND THE LOG BECAUSE I KNEW THE WATER WAS DEEPER EVERYWHERE ELSE!
OH! I SEE HOW IT IS! IT'S OUR JEEP UNTIL IT GETS STUCK. THEN IT'S MY JEEP!
IF YOU'D BEEN LISTENING TO MY SUGGESTION, THEN WE WOULDN'T BE STUCK!
WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO YOU? YOU GO TO ART COLLEGE!
AT LEAST I CAN THINK FOR MYSELF! I'M NOT SOME FREAKIN' BAR CODE THAT BASES MY WORTH OFF THE NUMBER OF TOUCHDOWNS MY TEAM SCORES!
YOU DON'T LIKE SPORTS BECAUSE YOU WERE NEVER ANY GOOD AT THEM!
YOU DON'T LIKE SPORTS BECAUSE YOU WERE NEVER ANY GOOD AT THEM!
BRAD, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DIDN'T WANT TO BE OUT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. I JUST WANT TO GO TO THE PARTY, REMEMBER

GOOD IDEA. LET'S GO TO THE PARTY. GREG... GET OUT AND PUSH.
IT'S MY JEEP! I'M DRIVING! YOU GET OUT AND PUSH!
GREG... IT'S OUR JEEP, REMEMBER? YOU NEED TO LEARN TO SHARE.
YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO GET DIRTY!
FINE. BRAD AND I WILL PUSH BECAUSE WE'RE THE STRONGEST!
I'M NOT GOING IN THERE.
IF WE CAN'T PUSH IT OUT THEN WE'LL BE SWIMMING OUT. EITHER WAY YOU'LL BE GETTING DIRTY.
THIS SUCKS.
VROOM!
MAYBE I CAN STAY HALF CLEAN.
C'MON! SOME MUD WILL GO GREAT WITH YOUR BLACK EYE.
AT LEAST THE ENGINE STILL WORKS.
OKAY. ON THREE... ONE... TWO...
VIZZZZZ!
GREG... YOU'RE A DICK.
BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT A MUDDY DICK.


FEEL BETTER NOW?
A LITTLE.
I DON'T THINK THE TIRE'S EVEN TOUCHING THE GROUND.
SO WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
MAYBE WE CAN SHOVE ROCKS UNDER--NEATH IT TO GIVE IT SOME TRACTION.
WILL THAT WORK?
BYE.
EEP!
SPLOSH!
WHAT THE HELL? ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT MY NEW CAR IS STUCK IN A POND?
HA HA! OH MAN, THAT WAS GOOD! I MEAN, I KNEW IT WAS GONNA BE GOOD, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GONNA BE THAT GOOD!
I KNOW, RIGHT? WITH THE FACE AND THE LITTLE "EEP"!
YEAH. WE'RE ALL LAUGHING.

FOR OVER AN HOUR, WE SLOPPED THROUGH THAT POND, LOOKING FOR ANY KIND OF ROCK WE COULD USE.
AND **BELIEVE** ME, IT WASN'T NEARLY AS MUCH FUN AS IT SOUNDS.
WE WORKED THROUGH THE HOT AFTERNOON LIKE SWEATY PIGS, BURNING IN A MUDDY SKILLET UNDERNEATH THAT CIRCULAR GRILL IN THE SKY.
SWARMS OF MOSQUITOES AND GNATS CAME TO THE BUFFET AND ATE TILL THEY PUKED. LITTLE THINGS LIKE SCRATCHING AN ITCH OR WIPING YOUR FOREHEAD MEANT SMEARING MORE SLIME ON YOUR FACE.
PLUS, THE MURKY WATER MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO SEE WHAT WE WERE BUILDING.
WE COULD ONLY **HOPE** THAT THE ROCKS WERE IN PLACE.
ALL RIGHT. LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN.

WIZZZZZ
DAMMIT.
hooray. free shower.
SIGH... I GIVE UP.
WHY THE HELL AREN'T THE TIRES TOUCHING?
THERE'S SOME SORT OF PLATE THING PINNED AGAINST A ROCK.
YOU MEAN LIKE A **SKID PLATE** TYPE THING?

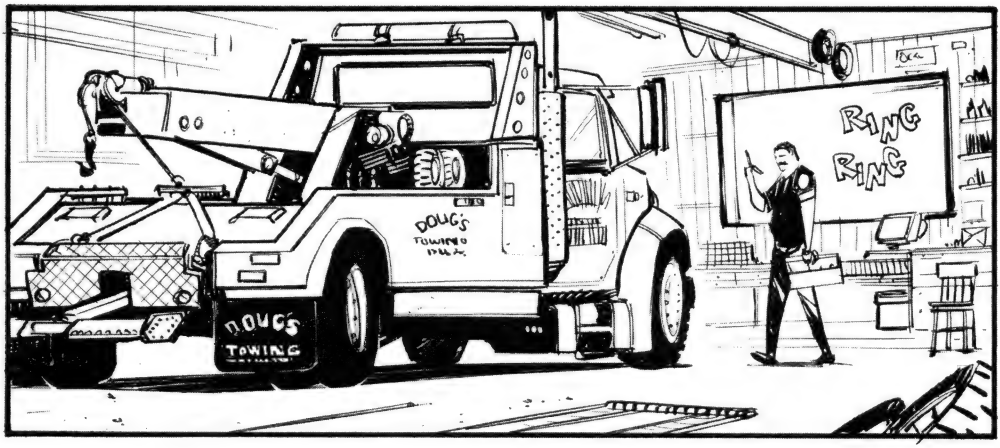
OH! THE MAGICAL SKID PLATE THAT KEEPS THE JEEP FROM GETTING STUCK? THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN RAVING ABOUT ALL DAY LONG?
IS THAT WHAT WE'RE PINNED ON?

I'M JUST TELLING YOU WHAT THE PROBLEM IS!
OH, I KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS: HE WEARS A BANDANA AND NAIL POLISH!

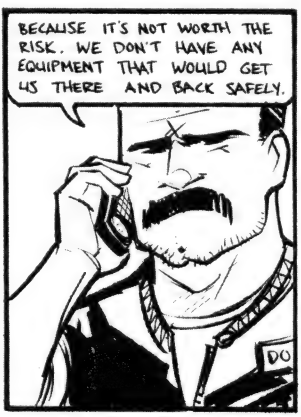
I DON'T HEAR ANY IDEAS COMING OUT OF YOU, JOCK-BOY!
JOCK-BOY? NICE COME-BACK, ART-BOY! WHY DON'T YOU GO DRAW IN THE DIRT WHILE BRAD AND I DIG THE-
HEY! I'VE STILL GOT MY CELL PHONE. WHY DON'T WE MAKE SOME CALLS AND SEE IF WE CAN GET HELP?

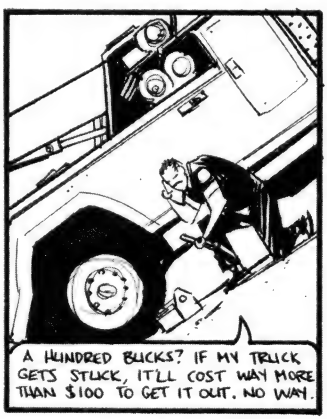
THAT SOLINDS LIKE A PLAN!

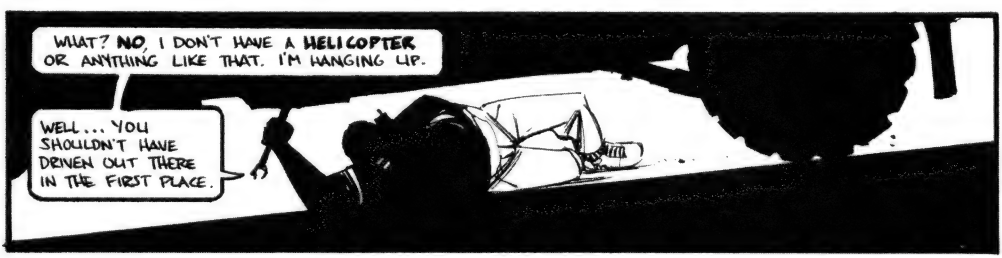
YOU'RE MOM SOLINDS LIKE A DYING...
HEY!

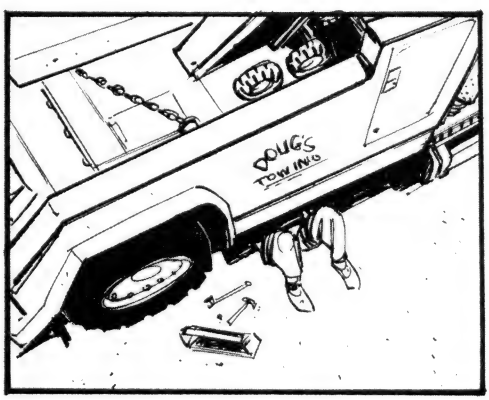

DOUG'S TOWING
RING RING

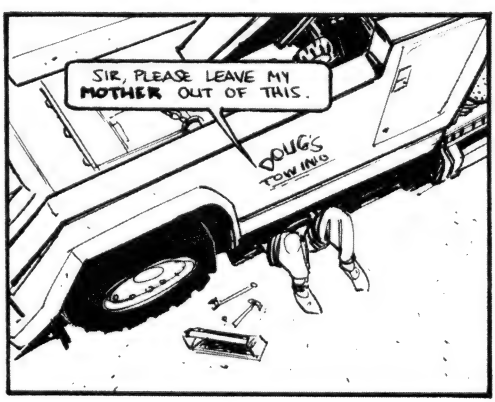
DOUG'S TOWING.
NO. WE DON'T GO OFF ROAD TO TOW PEOPLE.


BECAUSE IT'S NOT WORTH THE RISK. WE DON'T HAVE ANY EQUIPMENT THAT WOULD GET US THERE AND BACK SAFELY.


A HUNDRED BUCKS? IF MY TRUCK GETS STUCK, IT'LL COST WAY MORE THAN $100 TO GET IT OUT. NO WAY.


WHAT? NO, I DON'T HAVE A HELICOPTER OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT. I'M HANGING UP.
WELL... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DRIVEN OUT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

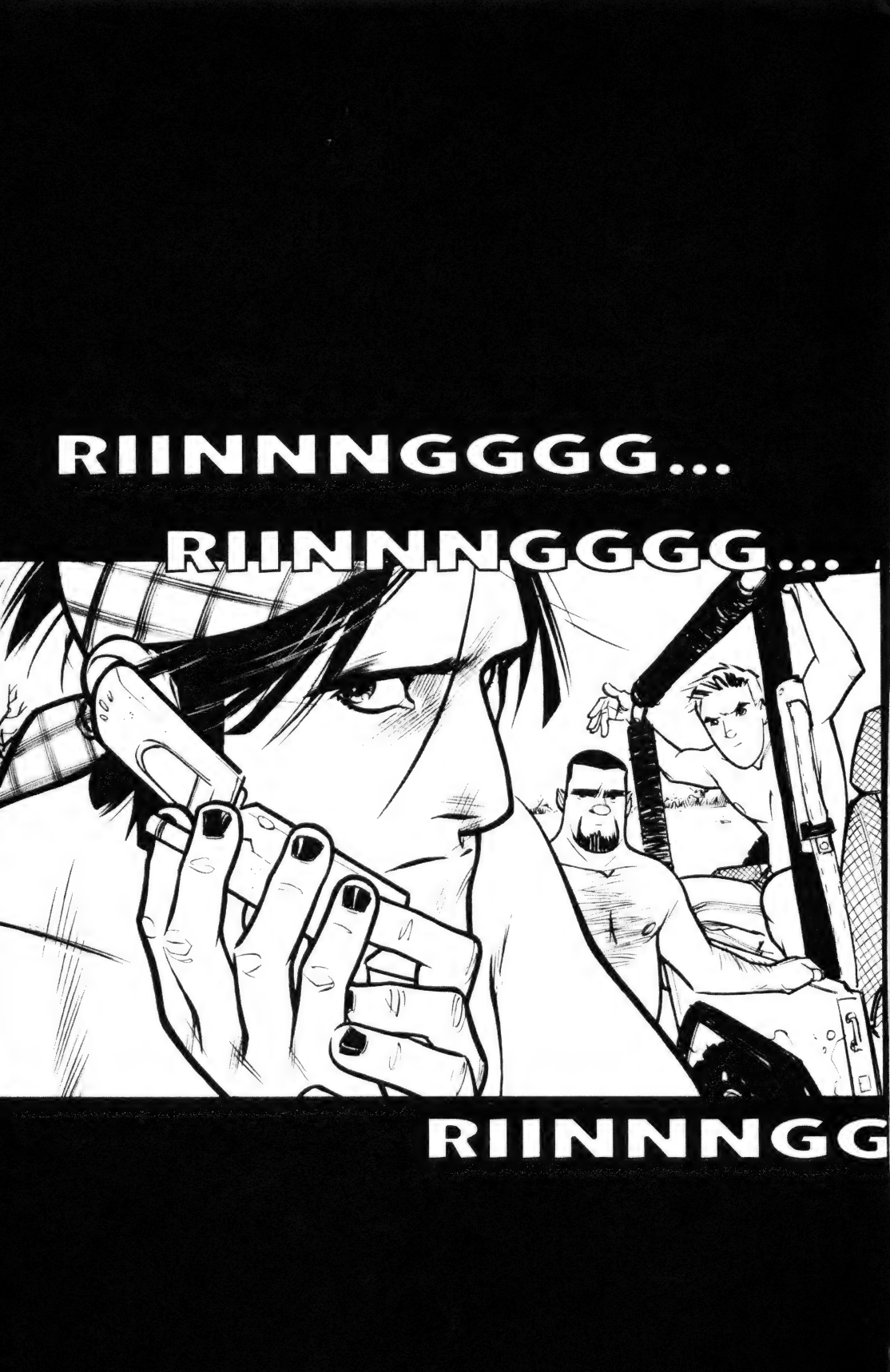

DOUG'S TOWING


SIR, PLEASE LEAVE MY MOTHER OUT OF THIS.
DOUG'S TOWING

WE CALLED A FEW DIFFERENT TOWING COMPANIES, BUT THEY ALL SAID THE SAME THING.
YOU'RE WHERE?
NO... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.
FANE
BUT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW MY MOM!
NO MATTER WHAT WE SAID, NO ONE WOULD HELP.
WE EVEN CALLED A FEW FRIENDS, BUT THE IDEA OF OFF ROADING SCARED THEM. THEY THOUGHT THE THREE OF US WERE CRAZY.
CLICK!
HE WON'T COME. IT'S HIS MOM'S SUV. AND SHE'D KILL HIM IF HE GOT IT DIRTY.
WHO ELSE DO WE KNOW?
THAT'S EVERYONE IN MY ADDRESS BOOK.

WHAT ABOUT LEONA?
I'LL CALL HER. GIMME THE PHONE.
ARE YOU RETARDED? NO WAY!
WHAT ABOUT HER?
SHE KNOWS A LOT OF PEOPLE! MAYBE SHE CAN HELP!
NOTHING'S GONNA HAPPEN! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE JUST LONELY AND DESPERATE!
JUST FORGET ABOUT HER, DUDE.
DUDE... THAT'S CRAZY TALK.
FORGET ABOUT HER? I ALREADY HAVE! I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT LEONA!

BULLSHIT. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE WHEN I MENTIONED HER BEFORE.
I'M WITH BRAD.
SLIP!
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU GUYS? EVERYTHING BETWEEN US IS BURIED IN THE PAST.
YOU STILL LIKE HER. I KNOW THAT LOOK.
DO YOU WANT THE JEEP OUT OR NOT?
SERIOUSLY, DUDE... I'D RATHER WATCH THE JEEP SIT HERE IN THE MUD THAN SEE YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THAT SLUT AGAIN.
IF YOU GUYS ARE MY FRIENDS, THEN YOU'LL GIVE ME THE PHONE.
FINE.

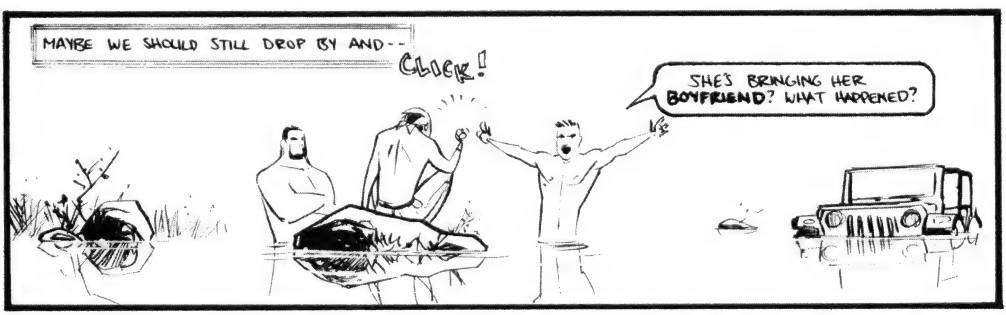

RIINNNGGGG...
RIINNNGGGG...
RIINNNGG

HELLO?
HEY! GUESS WHO THIS IS!
move your elbow!
i wanna hear too!
UH... SAM?
NOPE.
PETER?
NOPE.
NO.
BUTCH?
IS THIS CARL?
UH--
NO, WAIT. IT'S WALTER.
SIGH...
HELLO?
YEAH I'M STILL HERE.
JESUS... HE'S GONNA GET TORPEDOED AGAIN.
TELL HER ABOUT YOUR BRACELET!
WHO IS THIS?
IT'S TRENT.
.....

OH.
UH... WHATS UP?
NOTHING. I'M JUST OUT WITH GREG AND BRAD. WE PICKED UP HIS NEW JEEP AND NOW WE'RE OFF ROADING.
OFF ROADING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WE'RE OUT DRIVING HIS JEEP AROUND IN THE WOODS FOR A FEW HOURS BEFORE YOUR PARTY.
AND WE'RE ALL SO HAPPY YOU SUGGESTED IT!
OH... YOU'RE COMING TO MY PARTY?
HELLO?
UH... YEAH. I GUESS.
WHAT? YOU'RE BREAKING UP.
hmph
OH... TREEEEENT!
I SAID THAT MAYBE WE'D BE COMING TO YOUR PARTY. WE'RE A LITTLE SUCK.
SUCK?
STUCK!
HAW HAW! SUCK! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
WE DROVE THE JEEP INTO A SWAMP AND WE CAN'T GET OUT.
SNICKER!
SNICKER!
SNICKER!
GLOWOWOAAH! GLURK! GLURK! LEOWA... GLOWOWWA
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ANY-ONE WITH A BIG TRUCK THAT COULD HELP US?

WELL... I KNOW SOMEONE WHO HAS A JEEP.
YOU KNOW SOMEONE WITH A JEEP!
YEAH. DO YOU NEED SOME HELP?
WELL... NOT REALLY.
BUT IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING ELSE...
WHERE ARE YOU?
WE'RE JUST OFF DIRE RD. WHEN YOU GET TO THE BODY SHOP, JUST START LOOKING FOR A DIRT PATH ON THE LEFT. WE'RE ABOUT A MILE IN. BE CAREFUL IT'S DANGEROUS.
OK! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!
YEAH... ME AND MY BOYFRIEND WALTER.
WHAT?
YOU'RE BRINGING YOUR BOYFRIEND WALTER?

UH... YEAH. HE'S THE ONE WITH THE JEEP.
YOU KNOW, I THINK WE'RE ACTUALLY OKAY!
YOU ARE?
YEAH! GREG AND BRAD ARE PULLING THE JEEP OUT RIGHT NOW!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN A SWAMP!
ABORT! ABORT!
OH, WE ARE! BUT I JUST HEARD SOMEONE CRASH INTO A DAM, SO THE WATER'S DRAINING NOW!
THERE'S NO DAM THERE!
NOPE! NOT ANYMORE! I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER! DON'T SHOW UP! BYE!


MAYBE WE SHOULD STILL DROP BY AND--
CLICK!
SHE'S BRINGING HER BOYFRIEND? WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? WHAT'D SHE SAY?
SHE DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO ME! SHE COULDN'T HAVE CARED LESS! SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WAS COMING TONIGHT!

WOW. YOU SEEM REALLY UPSET. IS IT POSSIBLE YOU STILL LIKE HER?
...

IS SHE ON HER WAY HERE WITH HIM NOW?
DON'T KNOW!
IS SHE COMING AT ALL?
SHE BETTER NOT BE!!!

DUDE... SHE MIGHT BE ON HER WAY HERE WITH ANOTHER DUDE.
THAT SUCKS.
I'M AWARE!

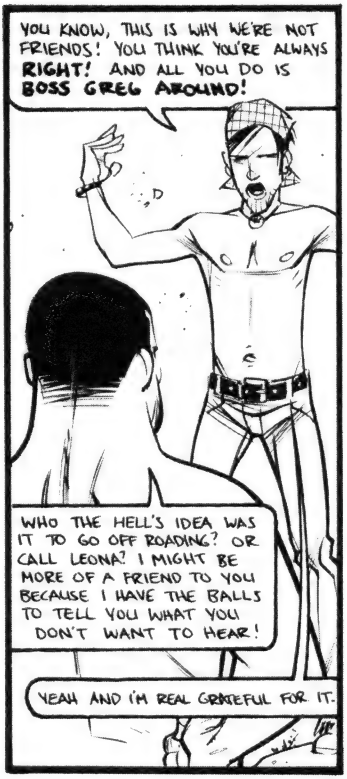
SO SHE COULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE AND SEE YOU COVERED IN MUD LIKE A LOSER.
I KNOW! ARE YOU TRYING TO PISS ME OFF?
MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED HER.
WOULD YOU STOP?

.....

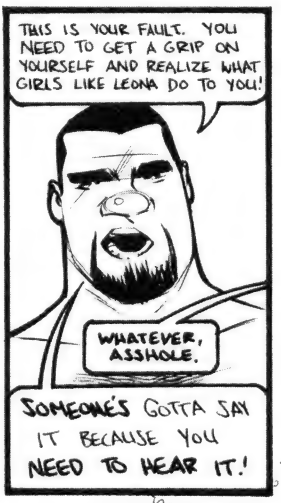
.....

COME ON! I KNOW YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE!

WHAT IF THEY SHOWED UP **WHILE** MAKING OUT!
THAT WOULD SUCK EVEN MORE.
ARRRGH!!!


YOU KNOW, THIS IS WHY WE'RE NOT FRIENDS! YOU THINK YOU'RE ALWAYS **RIGHT!** AND ALL YOU DO IS **BOSS GREG AROUND!**
WHO THE HELL'S IDEA WAS IT TO GO OFF ROADING? OR CALL LEONA? I MIGHT BE MORE OF A FRIEND TO YOU BECAUSE I HAVE THE BALLS TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR!
YEAH AND I'M REAL GRATEFUL FOR IT.

WHY THE HELL DID YOU GIVE ME THE PHONE ANYWAY?
WHAT'D YOU SAY?
ARRRGH!!!


THIS IS YOUR FAULT. YOU NEED TO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF AND REALIZE WHAT GIRLS LIKE LEONA DO TO YOU!
WHATEVER, ASSHOLE.
SOMEONE'S GOTTA SAY IT BECAUSE YOU **NEED TO HEAR IT!**

I'M LEAVING TO GO GET HELP.
FROM WHO?
FROM **ANYONE!** I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
YEAH. WALK AWAY.

DUDE...DON'T LOOK AT **ME!**

IT'S FUNNY HOW YOUR PROBLEMS DON'T EVER SEEM TO COME ONE AT A TIME. IT'S USUALLY ALL AT ONCE WHEN YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT...
...LIKE BEING NECK DEEP WHILE LIFE SHITS ON YOUR HEAD.
I HATED BRAD FOR EVERYTHING HE SAW. I ASSUMED HE'D JUST SAT AROUND WHILE I WAS AT COLLEGE.
BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY HE'D GOTTEN SOME INSIGHT.
ONCE IN A WHILE YOU MEET PEOPLE LIKE BRAD. THE ONES THAT THROW YOUR SHIT RIGHT IN YOUR FACE. THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY TACT OR COMPASSION, AND THEY DON'T ALWAYS END UP AS FRIENDS FOR LONG... BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS HARD TO IGNORE.
IT TAKES STRENGTH TO BE AROUND SOMEONE LIKE THAT.

?
BRNLSR
LIH... EXCUSE ME.

WHAT?
!
TRENT! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
YOU HUNGRY?
HEY... UH... HOW'S IT GOING?
FINE. JUST MAKING MYSELF A LATE LUNCH. YOU WANT A BEER OR SOME MARSHMALLOWS?
UH... NO THANKS.
HERE. YOU CAN FINISH MINE.

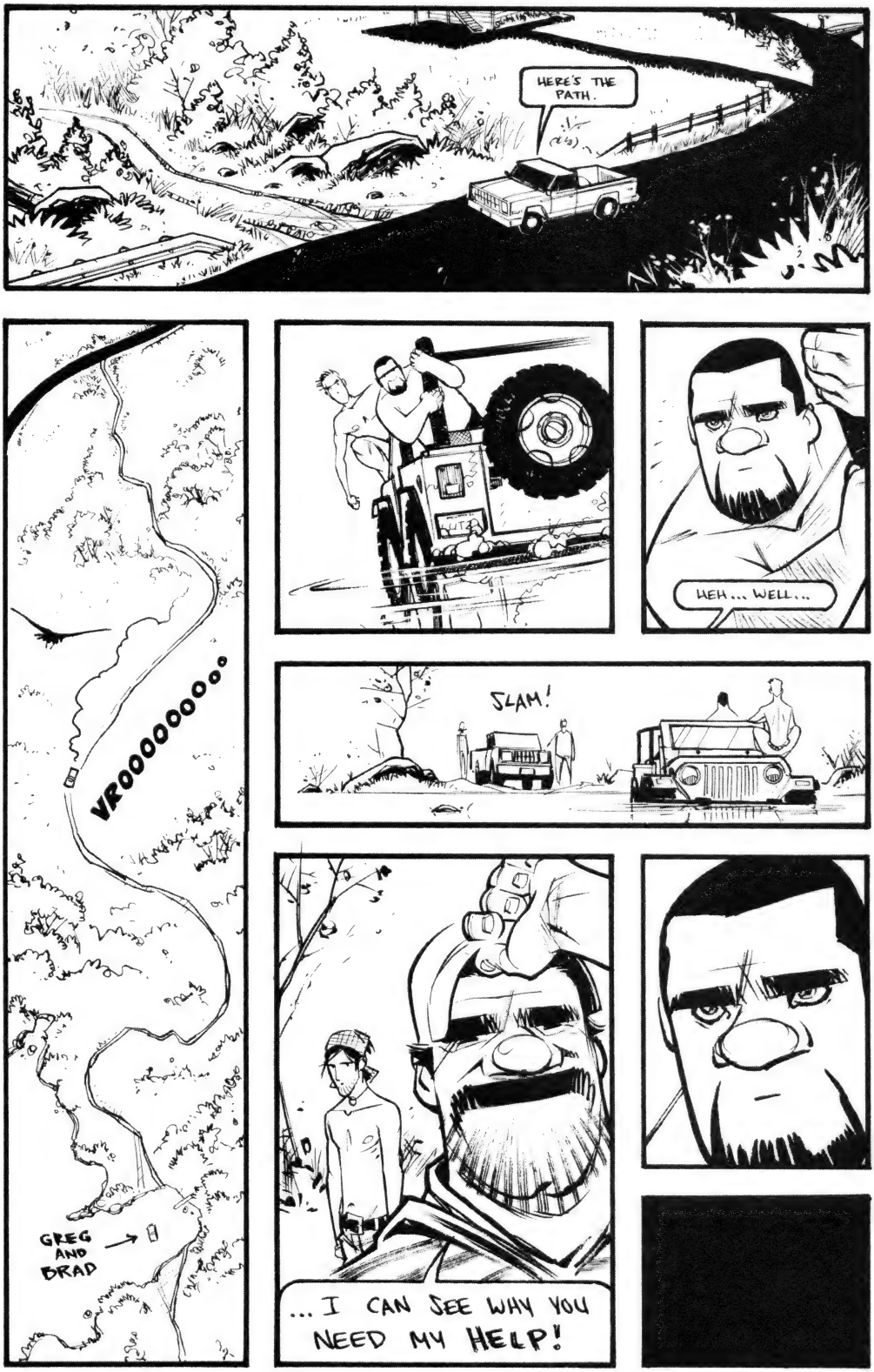
SO, HEH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?
WELL... UH... IT'S KIND OF A FUNNY STORY.
SSSSSSSSSS

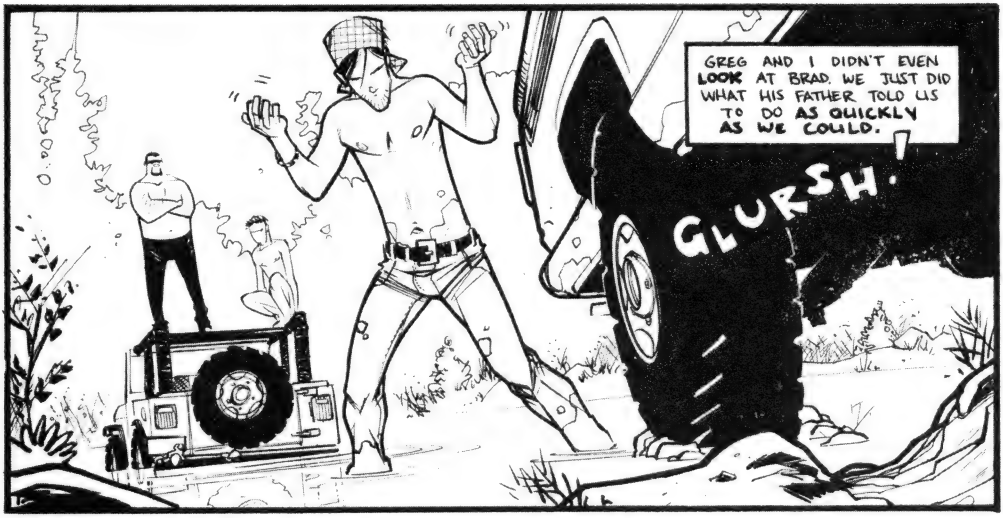
AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE OUT IN THE JEEP WITH BRAD?
YEAH... BUT--
SO WHERE ARE THEY?
THEY'RE STUCK IN THE MUD A FEW MILES FROM HERE.

WHAT? HOW DID THAT HAPPEN!
WELL... I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT--

GREG, HUH? THAT KID'S A CHARACTER.
YEAH. YOU KNOW GREG. HIM AND HIS CRAZY IDEAS. HE KEPT TALKING ABOUT THIS THING CALLED A SKID PLATE.

SKID PLATE? WORTHLESS. THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO GO OFF ROADING?
THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM. BUT HE NEVER LISTENS.


HERE'S THE PATH.
VROOOOOOOO
GREG AND BRAD
HEH... WELL...
SLAM!
...I CAN SEE WHY YOU NEED MY HELP!

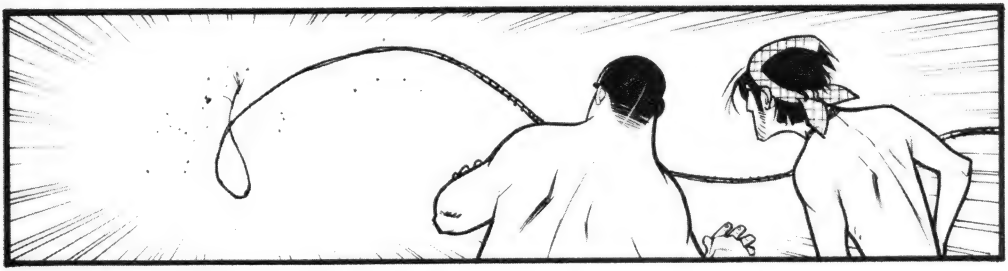

GREG AND I DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT BRAD. WE JUST DID WHAT HIS FATHER TOLD US TO DO AS QUICKLY AS WE COULD.
GLURSH!

I COULDN'T SPEAK FOR BRAD, BUT THE THOUGHT OF FINALLY GETTING THE JEEP BACK LIFTED OUR SPIRITS.

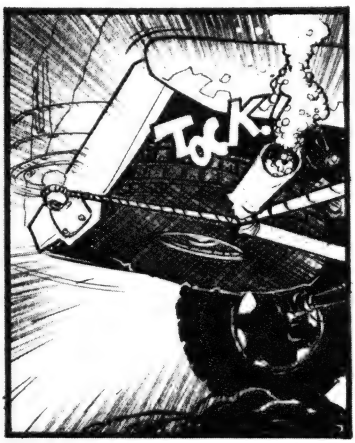
IT WAS GOING TO WORK.

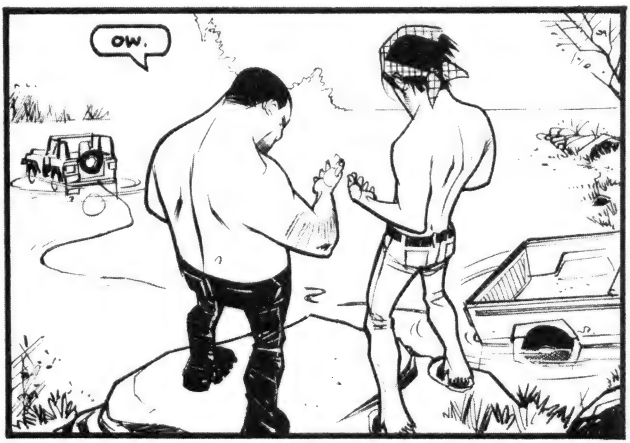
READY?

VIZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
FIZZZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZZZZZ
TOING!
SNAP.



WHAP!


TOCK!

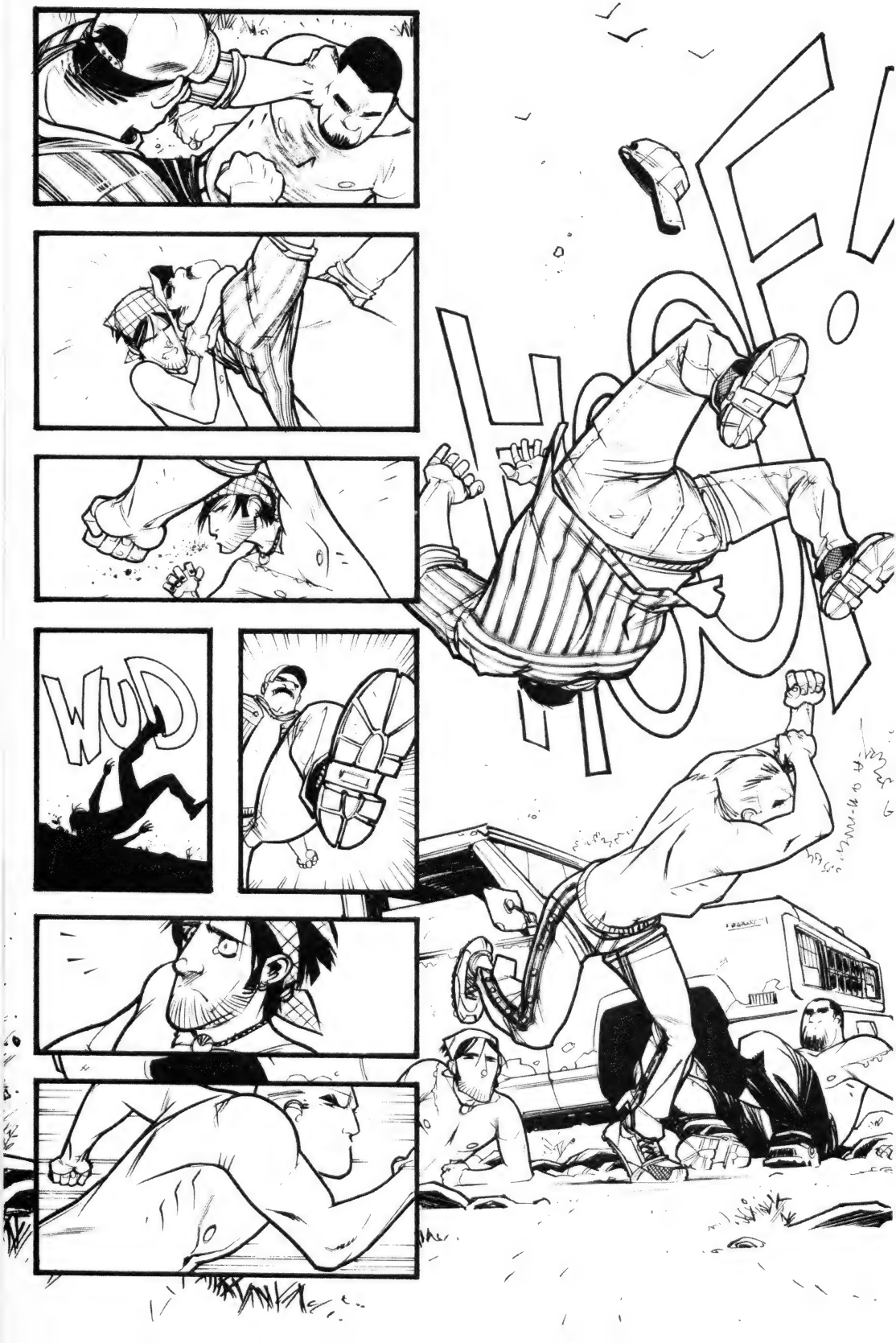

OW.

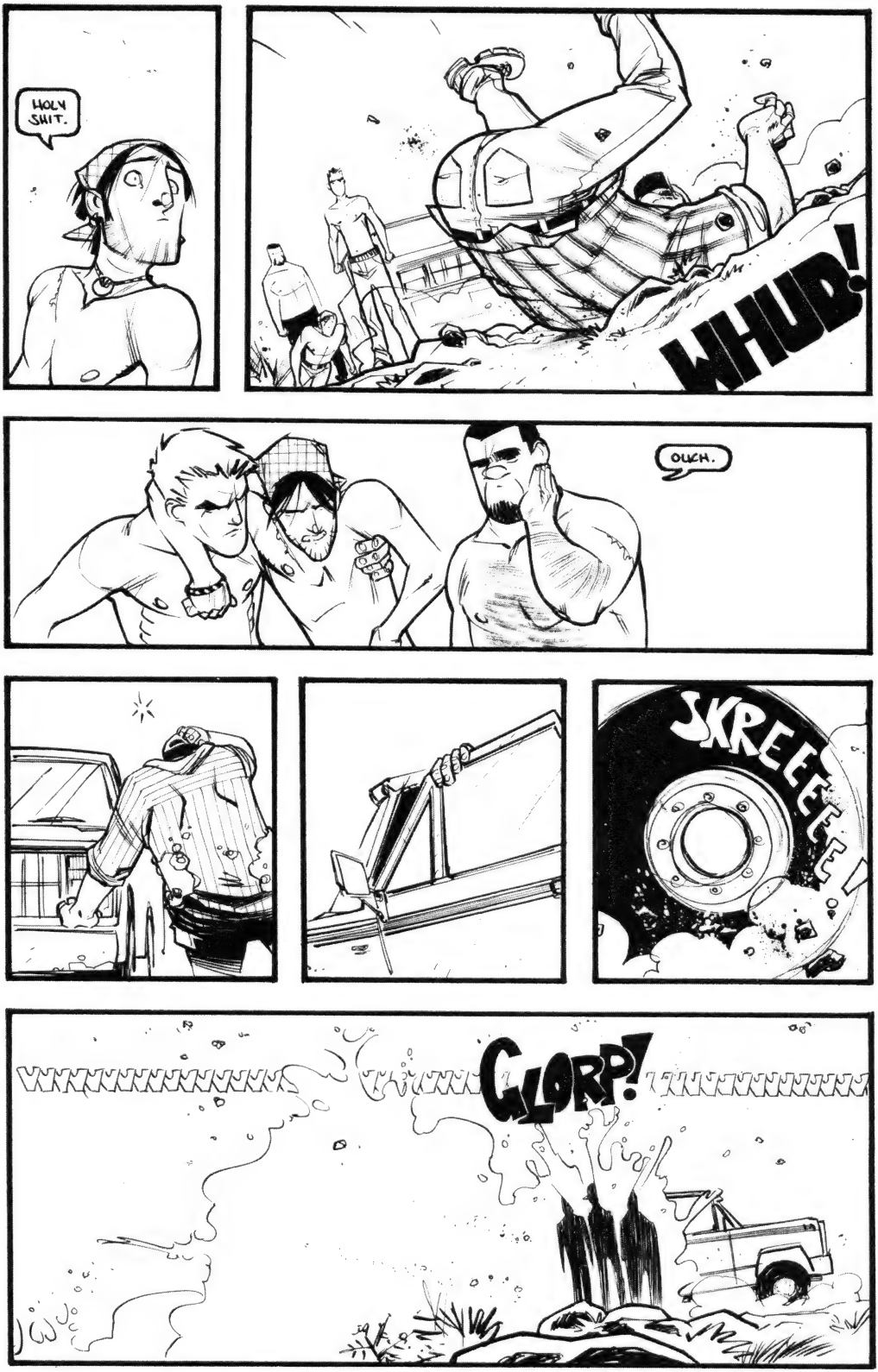
DUDE... THAT HAD TO HURT.

WELL, CHICKS DIG SCARS, RIGHT?
THEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO LOVE GREG.
WHAT?

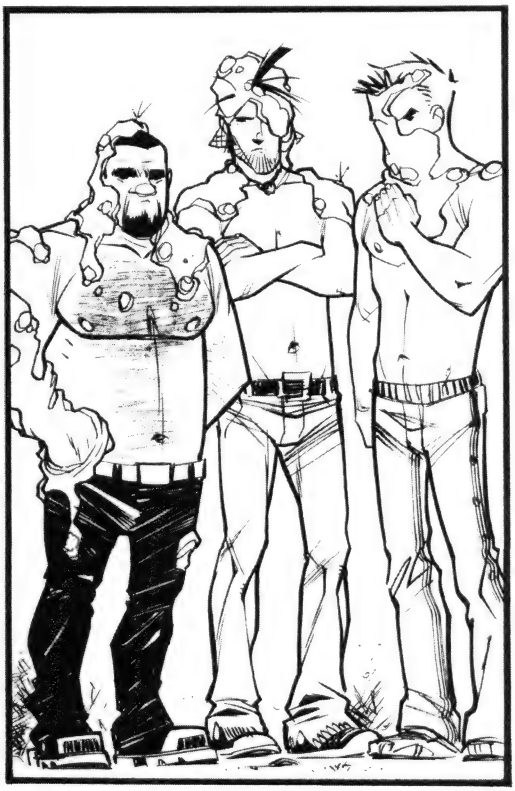
THE ROPE SNAPPED THE MUFFLER.
AND MY WHEELS ARE BURIED.
DAMN!
KRAVC!
WELL I HOPE YOU'RE GODDAM HAPPY!
YOU DRAG ME OUT HERE TO WIPE YOUR LITTLE ASSES, AND NOW I'M STUCK HERE WITH YOU! YOU'RE PAYING FOR THE DAMAGE, YOU FAGGOT!!!
OOOO! HERE COMES THE BIG MAN! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

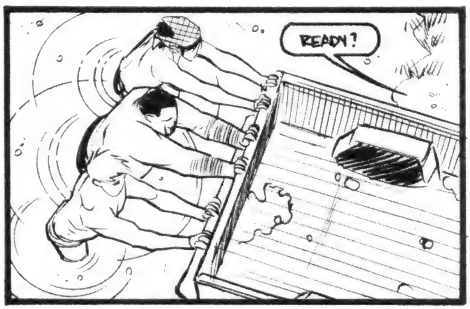
LEAVE US ALONE.
WHAT'S WRONG, TRENT? YOU LOOK A LITTLE SCARED!
DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH MY FRIENDS!
WHAT? YOU WANNA START THIS AGAIN? FINE!
THOK
KOOT!

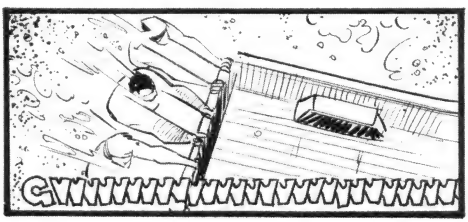

WUD

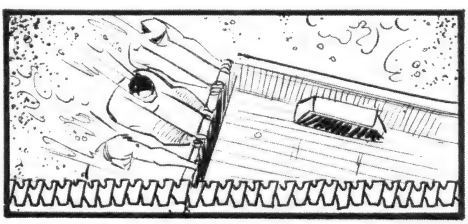

HOLY SHIT.
WHUB!
OUCH.
SKREEEE!
GLORP!

I CAN'T HELP YOU GUYS UNTIL THE TRUCK IS OUT. SO GIVE ME A HAND!!!




READY?





YES!
FINALLY SOME LUCK!
WHERE'S HE GOING?
HE'S LEAVING.
HOLY SHI--

HOOF!
DOINK
YOU ALL RIGHT?
ALMOST GOT RUN OVER. WHO THE HELL WUZ THAT?
...spilled my beer...
THAT WAS MY DAD.
I TELL YA... OUR DADDY TRIED RUNNIN OVA ME ONCE.
ALL REMEMBER THAT! DADDY ALMOST KILLED YAH THAT DAY!
TIP!

THAT'S WHEN WE RAN AWAY TOGETHER!

SO...UH... HOW'D YOU FIND US?

WE SAW THE SMOKE FROM THE TRUCK 'BOUT A MILE AWAY AND CAME OVER. WE FIGURED YA COULD USE A HAND.
WANNA LIGHT SOME FIREWORKS?
UH...
FLICK
BOTTLE
IT'S REAL FUN! FIRST WE GET DRUNK AND THEN WE SHOOT THEM THINGIES AT EACH OTHER!

HHHHHHHHH
POP!

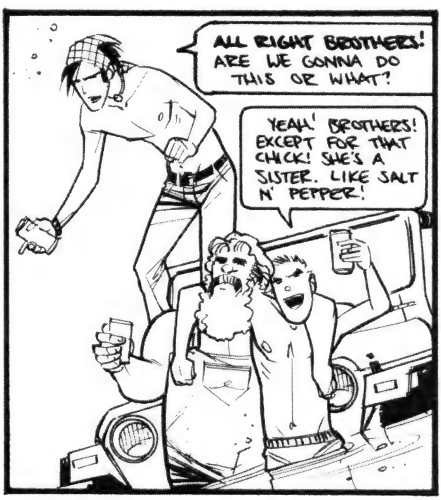
HAW HAW! DO ME NEXT.
FLICK!

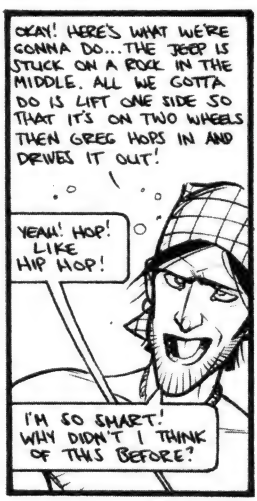
CRACK!
OW! MY EYE! HAW! HAW!

THEY HAD NO QUALMS ABOUT GETTING INTO THE SWAMP. IN FACT, THEY LOOKED RIGHT AT HOME. AND WITH THE SEVEN OF US THERE, I WAS SURE THAT WE'D FINALLY GET THE JEEP OUT.
SURE THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRAILER TRASH, BUT THEY WERE TRAILER TRASH THAT WAS GONNA HELP US.
HEY LITTLE BUDDY! QUITE A PROBLEM YA GOT HERE!
YEAH... IT'S BEEN A CRAPPY DAY.
YOU NEED A BEER!
THANKS BUT I'M ACTUALLY... GULP!
AND YOU GUYS ARE NEXT! HA HA!
UH...
WE'D PLANNED ON SAVING OUR BEER DRINKING FOR THE PARTY LATER ON.
BUT THEN WE REALIZED WE WERE SURROUNDED BY FOUR MONGOLOIDS WHO WERE PROBABLY EAGER TO SHOW OFF MACHO MAN'S NEW SPINNING HEAD STOMP.
SO... NOT WANTING TO OFFEND THEM... WE HAD A FEW BEERS.

"A FEW BEERS" IS A FAIRLY LOOSE TERM WHEN YOU'RE SPEAKING REDNECK. AFTER WE HAD A FEW BEERS, WE HAD A FEW MORE. AND THEN A FEW MORE. I'D SAY WE KEPT HAVING A FEW BEERS FOR OVER AN HOUR.
SOON WE WERE ALL FEELING PRETTY DAMN GOOD.

I LOVE YOU, MAN. AND I LOVE MR.T!
AND YOU'VE GIVEN ME A WHOLE NEW RESPECT FOR THE DUKES OF HAZARD!


ALL RIGHT BROTHERS! ARE WE GONNA DO THIS OR WHAT?
YEAH! BROTHERS! EXCEPT FOR THAT CHICK! SHE'S A SISTER. LIKE SALT N' PEPPER!


OKAY! HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO... THE JEEP IS STUCK ON A ROCK IN THE MIDDLE. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS LIFT ONE SIDE SO THAT IT'S ON TWO WHEELS THEN GREG HOPS IN AND DRIVES IT OUT!
YEAH! HOP! LIKE HIP HOP!
I'M SO SMART! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

DUDE... THAT IDEA IS LIKE, BRAIN ROCKETS, MAN.
DO YOU MEAN ROCKET SCIENCE!

NO! THE OTHER ONE!
BRAIN SURGERY?
.....
DON'T TALK ABOUT MY MOM!

IT WAS OUR LAST CHANCE. WE HAD PLENTY OF MAN POWER...
CRUNCH!
OKAY! YOU READY GREG?

...AND A WILLING DRIVER.
WAIT... WHAT ARE WE DOING AGAIN?

ON THREE...

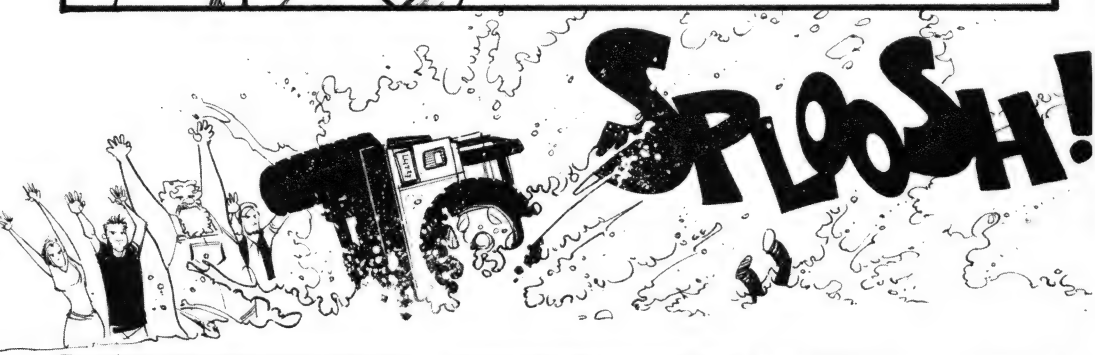
...ONE...

...TWO...

...THREE...

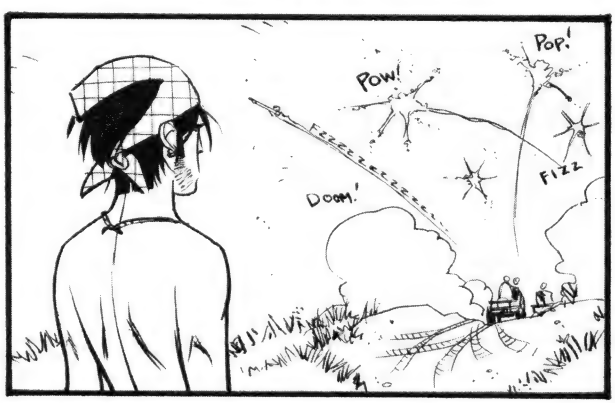
NRFFFF!
ARGGGH!
HNRRR!
HWAHHH!

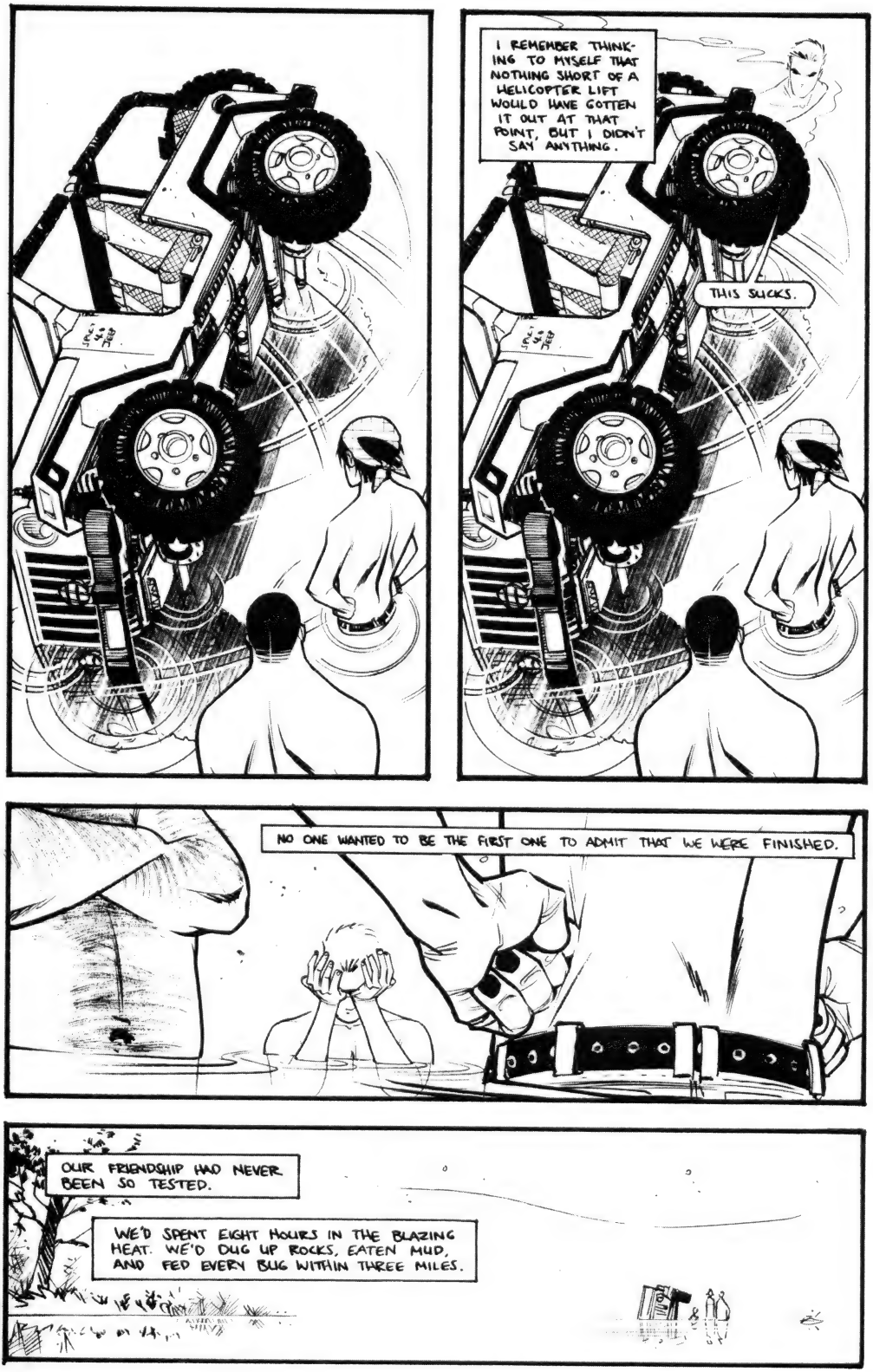
WHOA! THAT'S A LITTLE TOO MUCH!
KNNNNNRRRRRPHHH! COME ON A LITTLE MORE.

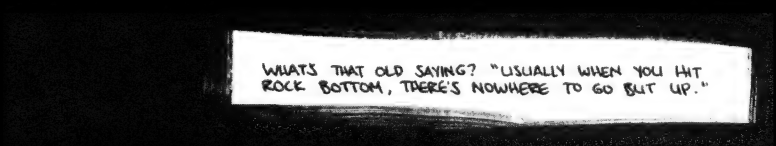

SPLOOSH!

HAW! HAW!
HAW! HAW!
HAW!
SAY "HI" TO YOUR DAD FOR US!
DID THEY DO THAT ON PURPOSE?

HA HA!


POW!
POP!
FIZZ
DOOM!


I REMEMBER THINKING TO MYSELF THAT NOTHING SHORT OF A HELICOPTER LIFT WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IT OUT AT THAT POINT, BUT I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
THIS SUCKS.
NO ONE WANTED TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO ADMIT THAT WE WERE FINISHED.
OUR FRIENDSHIP HAD NEVER BEEN SO TESTED.
WE'D SPENT EIGHT HOURS IN THE BLAZING HEAT. WE'D DUG UP ROCKS, EATEN MUD, AND FED EVERY BUG WITHIN THREE MILES.


WHATS THAT OLD SAYING? "USUALLY WHEN YOU HIT ROCK BOTTOM, THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP."

SLAM!

OH MY GAWD! WHAT HAPPENED?
THE GUY WHO SAID THAT NEVER HAD A DAY LIKE MINE.
DUDE... IT'S A LONG STORY.
THIS IS WALTER.
HEY.
HEY.
I'M BRAD.
'SUP DAWG.
.... YEAH.
WHERE'S TRENT?
HE'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE JEEP.
OH... TREEEEEENT!

GUARR!
HEY COWBOY! LONG TIME NO SEE.
I KNOW. GOOD TO SEE YOU.
GROSS! HUG ME LATER WHEN YOU'RE NOT FILTHY!
THIS IS MY BOYFRIEND, WALTER.
'SUP. YOU MUST BE KENT.
YEAH I'M KENT.

WALTER LOOKED JUST LIKE I KNEW HE WOULD. HE WAS AN EMPTY FRAT BOY FAT IN THE HEAD WITH HIS PARENTS' MONEY.
A DAVE MATTHEWS DICK.
HE WAS THE KIND OF GUY WHO WAS REAL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF AND CONTENT WITH THE WORLD.
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT A LITTLE PROBLEM THERE, BRO.
ASSHOLE.
SO WHAT HAPPENED?
APPARENTLY YOU'VE SETTLED FOR LESS.
WHAT WAS THAT?
OH... UH... HE'S DRUNK. JUST IGNORE HIM.
I DECIDED TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT. WE NEEDED WALTER AND HIS JEEP TO GET US OUT, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO MESS IT UP BY BEING A DICKHEAD.
SO WHAT HAPPENED?
SEE, IT ALL STARTED WITH THIS JERK AT THE DEALERSHIP.
TRENT AND ME WENT THERE TO PICK UP MY NEW JEEP WHEN THIS GUY CAME OUT AND SAID SAID SAID SAID SAID SAID SAID...

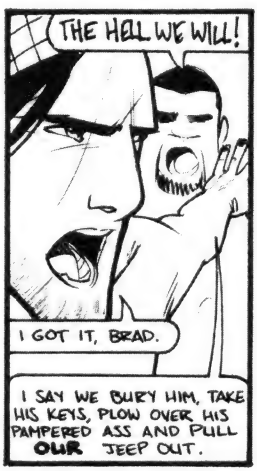
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLOO BLUR BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAA BLOO BLUR BLAH
BLEE BLOO BLAH BAAA BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH SAID WE COULD MAKE IT AND NOW WE'RE STUCK. WITH YOUR HELP, WE CAN FINALLY GET IT OUT.
EXCUSE ME? I'M NOT PULLING YOU OUT!
WHAT?
YEAH. WE JUST CAME BY TO SEE WHAT WAS UP. WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR THE PARTY LATER ON.
DUDE... YOU CAN'T EVEN GIVE US A HAND?
ARE YOU CRAZY? I'M NOT GOING IN THERE! IT'S DISGUSTING!
WHAT ABOUT WALTER? WITH A FOURTH GUY WE COULD TIP THAT THING BACK OVER AND MAYBE GET IT OUT.
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, BRO. I'M WEARING ABERCROMBIE.
DUDE... YOU'VE GOT A JEEP! JUST PULL IT UP A LITTLE SO WE CAN TIE A ROPE.
NO WAY! IT'LL GET STUCK!
NO, IT WON'T! IT'S GOT A SKID PLATE!
IT'LL GET ALL DIRTY! I JUST CLEANED IT FOR THE PARTY!
AND WE'LL BE LATE IF WE DON'T LEAVE SOON!
DUDE... YOU'RE JUST GONNA LEAVE US HERE?
DUDE! LEARN PROPER GRAMMAR! AND LEARN HOW TO DRIVE A JEEP!

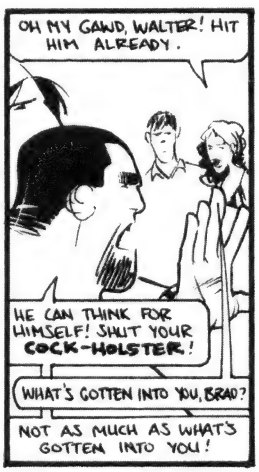
YOU THREE MORONS SHOULDN'T HAVE DRIVEN OUT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WALTER... PLEASE.

BACK OFF!
SHOVE!

CATCH!

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO INDY ROCKER?
RELAX! WE'RE ALL A LITTLE DESPERATE RIGHT NOW. ALL WE WANT IS YOUR HELP.
SCREW YOU.
GETTING OUT HERE WASN'T EASY, MAN. YOU CAME A LONG WAY JUST TO LEAVE US HERE. I THINK YOU CAN HELP US.
WE'LL EVEN BUY YOU SOME BEERS LATER. PROMISE.


THE HELL WE WILL!
I GOT IT, BRAD.
I SAY WE BURY HIM, TAKE HIS KEYS, PLOW OVER HIS PAMPERED ASS AND PULL OUR JEEP OUT.

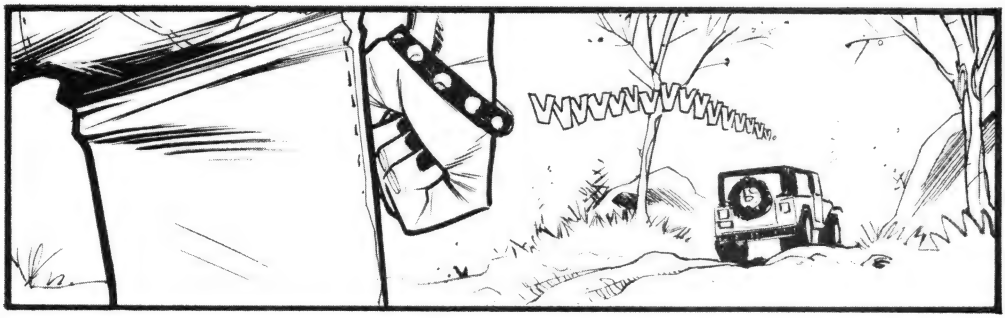

OH MY GAWD, WALTER! HIT HIM ALREADY.
HE CAN THINK FOR HIMSELF! SHUT YOUR COCK-HOLSTER!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, BRAD?
NOT AS MUCH AS WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU!

LEONA! KNOCK IT OFF!
HIT TRENT, TOO, WALTER. HE'S HAD A CRUSH ON ME FOREVER AND HE'S TOTALLY DESPERATE.

WE WERE NEVER REALLY FRIENDS ANYWAY. HE WAS WAY TOO FLIMSY AND EMOTIONAL FOR ME AND HE NEVER STOOD UP FOR HIMSELF. THERE'S NO WAY HE'D EVER FIGHT ANYONE, SO YOU COULD TOTALLY KICK HIS ASS RIGHT NOW. HE STILL THINKS HE HAS A SHOT WITH ME AND HE'LL KEEP TRYING TO STEAL ME AWAY.

YOU KNOW... I DO TAKE KICKBOXING.
THEN COME GET ME, WALTER.
I'LL KICK YOUR ASS.
MAYBE. BUT YOU KNOW, I'VE HAD SUCH A BAD DAY THAT I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. EVEN IF I DO LOSE, I'M BOUND TO GET A FEW IN AND NOTHING WOULD MAKE ME SMILE MORE THAN PLANTING A FEW INTO ONE OF LEONA'S LITTLE BUDDIES! AND WHEN I'M DOWN, WHO'S GONNA STOP BRAD FROM TEARING A HOLE INTO YOU RIGHT AFTER? OR GREG?
TURN AROUND AND WALK AWAY. AND TAKE YOUR GARBAGE WITH YOU.
WALTER... LET'S GO.
LET'S GO, WALTER.

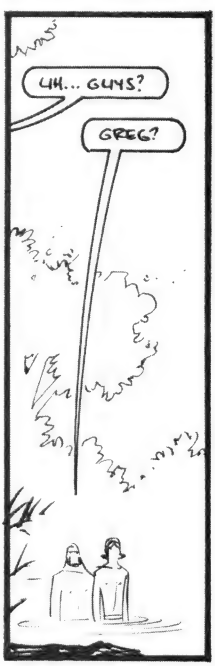
WALTER!
MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU AT THE PARTY LATER.
DON'T EVEN COME! YOU WEREN'T EVEN INVITED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
GET IN THE JEEP.
NO!
AH! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
WE'RE EVEN.
SLAM!


VVVVVVVVVVVVVVV.

I'LL HOLD HIM DOWN LATER SO YOU CAN HIT HIM.
IT WAS A LONG TIME COMING.
NICE.

SO NOW WHAT?
LET'S LEAVE THE JEEP HERE AND COME BACK TOMORROW MORNING. IT'LL BE SAFE, RIGHT?
IF SOMEONE'S ABLE TO GET IT OUT AND STEAL IT, THEY DE-SERVE TO KEEP IT.

TRUE. LET ME JUST GET MY STUFF.
C'MON GREG.


UH... GUYS?
GREG?

THIS ISN'T GOOD.

FISSS!
FIRE.
CACKLE!
POP!
IN A WAY IT WAS A RELIEF.
FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT DAY OUR TASK WAS CLEAR. WE REACTED WITHOUT THINKING.
WHERE THE HELL IS THE FIRE DEPART-MENT!
WE GOTTA WARN THAT HOUSE!
GO AHEAD!
WALTER AND I WILL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
GET THE HELL OUT AND GIVE US A HAND DOUCHE-BAG!
WHA...WHAT ABOUT LEON--
PARK HER CLOSER TO THE FIRE C'MON LET'S GO!
IT WAS SPREADING QUICKLY AROUND THE POND, EATING UP THE DRY SUMMER UNDERBRUSH.
BLACK ASH HIT OUR LUNGS AND ENGULF-ED THE PATH. WE WERE STILL ABLE TO RUN THROUGH. THE FLAMES AND HEAT BROUGHT US BACK TO REALITY.
NOW, WALTER! C'MON!
I'LL BE THERE IN A SEC!
SURE YOU WILL.

CACKLE!
FIZZ!
SNAP!

FIRE DEPARTMENT'S ON THE WAY! THE GUY AT THE HOUSE GAVE US THESE TO FIGHT IT OFF!
HERE.

WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A RAKE?
SCARE SOME SQUIRRELS! QUIT WHINING ABOUT EVERYTHING!

JESUS! DON'T YOU TWO EVER STOP?

SCOOP!
CRACK!
WHAP!

FIZZ!
POP!
FZT!
WHERE'S TRENT?
KAKLE!

POP!

ROCKET!
COMPANY

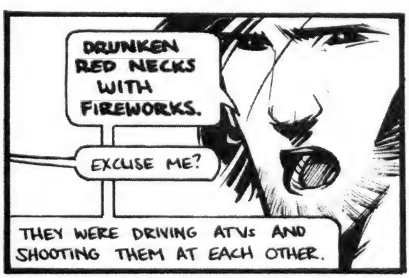
ssssssssshhhhHHHHH
POP!
SNAP!
TOK!
KACK!

BOOM!
YOU'RE INSANE, YOU KNOW THAT? IT'S JUST A STUPID PIECE OF CLOTH!
I KNOW! (COUGH) (COUGH) I'M SORRY.
FORGET IT. JUST FOLLOW ME...
NO, MAN. I MEAN...
...I MEAN I GET YOU NOW.
I'M NOT HUGGING YOU, ASSHOLE.

FOUND HIM.

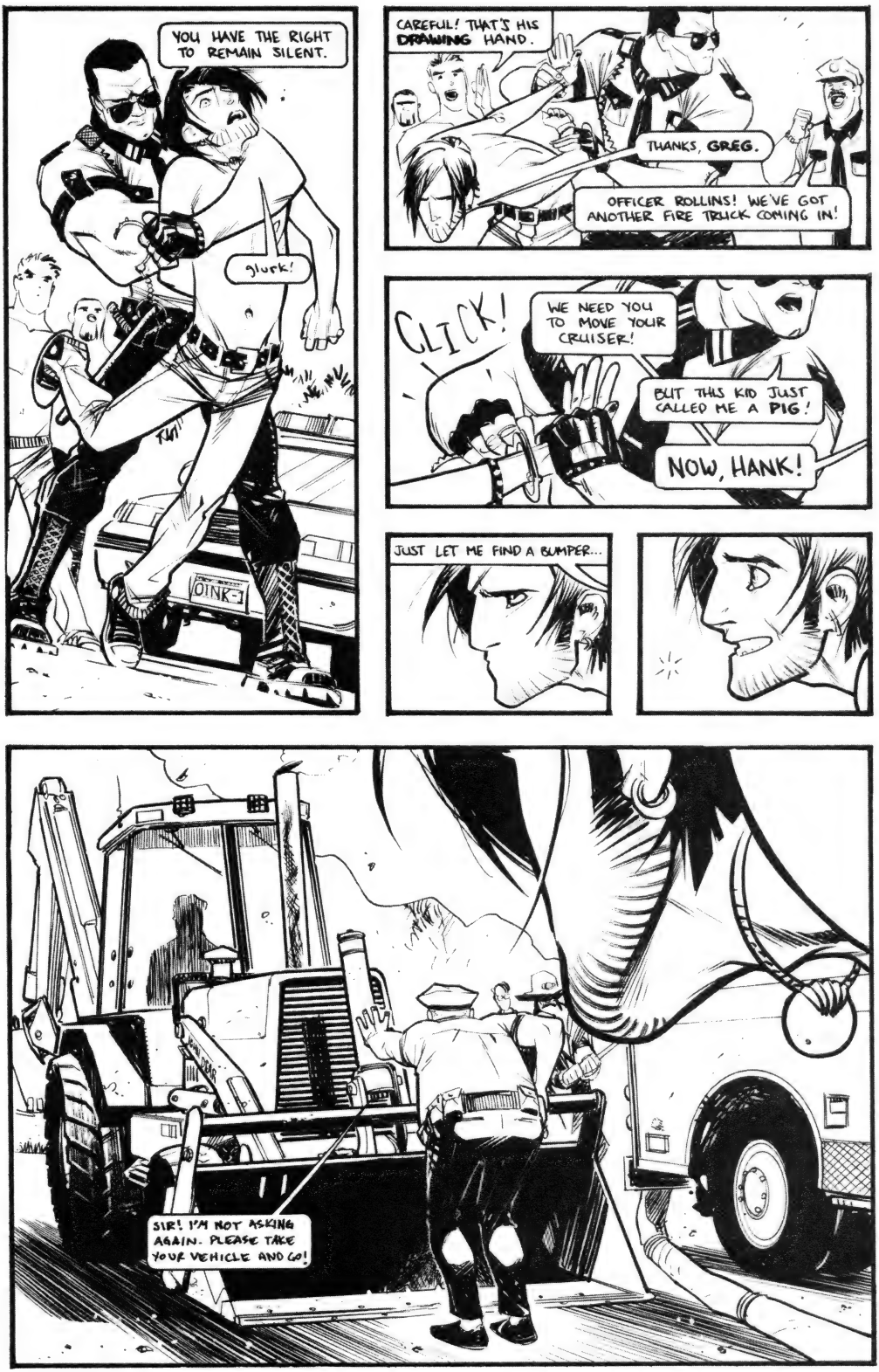
HEY. WHERE'S YOUR RAKE?
I DON'T KNOW. I THINK IT MELTED.

ARE YOU TRENT?
YEAH.
YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW THIS HAPPENED?


DRUNKEN RED NECKS WITH FIREWORKS.
EXCUSE ME?
THEY WERE DRIVING ATVs AND SHOOTING THEM AT EACH OTHER.

.....
I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME EITHER BUT I SWEAR IT'S THE TRUTH!

RED NECKS ON ATVs? YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?
WHAT? YOU THINK WE DID THIS, YOU PIG?


YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT.
gluck!
OINK-1
CAREFUL! THAT'S HIS DRAWING HAND.
THANKS, GREG.
OFFICER ROLLINS! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER FIRE TRUCK COMING IN!
CLICK!
WE NEED YOU TO MOVE YOUR CRUISER!
BUT THIS KID JUST CALLED ME A PIG!
NOW, HANK!
JUST LET ME FIND A BUMPER...
SIR! I'M NOT ASKING AGAIN. PLEASE TAKE YOUR VEHICLE AND GO!

HEY!
LET HIM GO! WE NEED TO LET THE FIRETRUCK IN!
GUYS! FOLLOW ME! I GOT AN IDEA!

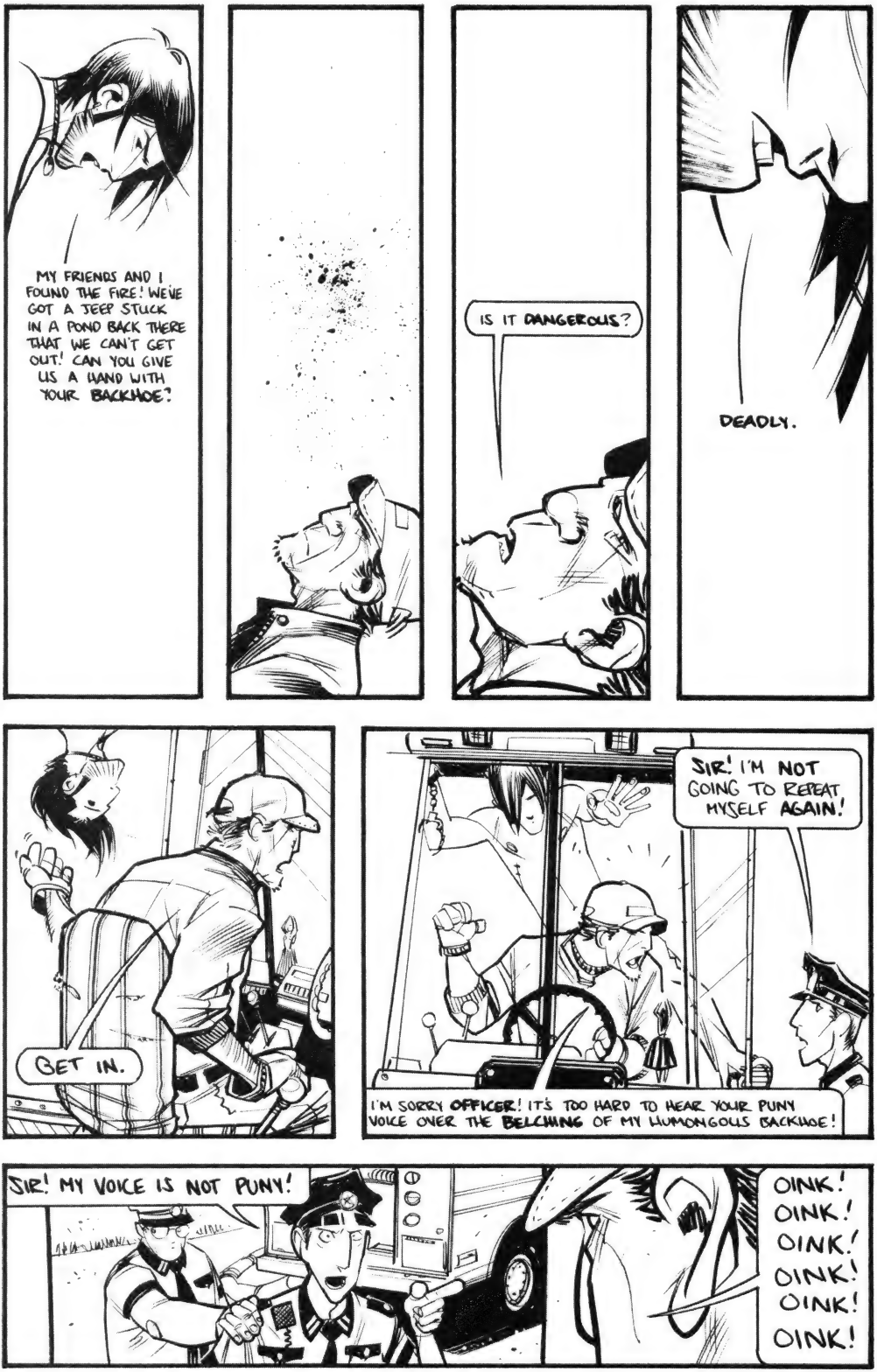
HURNF!
JOHN DEERE

LIFT ME ONTO THE BACKHOE.

READY...

SIR! FOR THE LAST TIME, WE DON'T NEED ANY HELP! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS. PLEASE MOVE YOUR VEHICLE!
JOE
BUT I LOVE DANGER! IT'S REALLY NOT A PROBLEM! JUST LET ME KNOCK DOWN A FEW BURNING TREES!

SIR! I'M GONNA TELL YOU FOR THE LAST TIME--
EXCUSE ME!
JOE

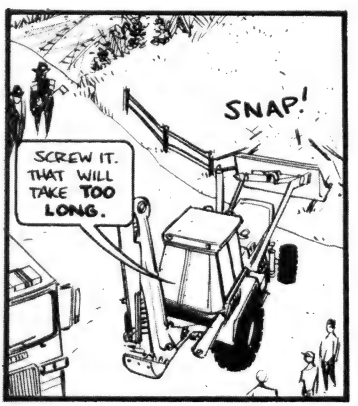

MY FRIENDS AND I FOUND THE FIRE! WE'VE GOT A JEEP STUCK IN A POND BACK THERE THAT WE CAN'T GET OUT! CAN YOU GIVE US A HAND WITH YOUR BACKHOE?
IS IT DANGEROUS?
DEADLY.
GET IN.
SIR! I'M NOT GOING TO REPEAT MYSELF AGAIN!
I'M SORRY OFFICER! IT'S TOO HARD TO HEAR YOUR PUNY VOICE OVER THE BELCHING OF MY HUMONGOUS BACKHOE!
SIR! MY VOICE IS NOT PUNY!
OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK!

GOD DAMN PIGS! ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!
SLAM!
IT'S SO TRUE.

WHERE WE GOING?
THE OPENING OF THE TRAIL IS JUST UP AHEAD. SEE THE CROWD STANDING OVER THERE?
THEY'LL MOVE.

HE'S NOT STOPPING!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
GOD DAMN PESTS! THEY USUALLY MOVE A LOT FASTER!

IS THAT THE PATH RIGHT THERE?
YEAH, BUT YOU NEED TO GO IN WIDE SO YOU CAN GET AROUND THE FENCE.


SNAP!
SCREW IT. THAT WILL TAKE TOO LONG.

CRASH!
JOE WAS LIKE A GOD.

HE SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME, BUT GOD DAMN IT, HE WAS GETTING RESULTS!
OUR FATE WAS IN HIS HANDS.

HAW HAW!

HAW HAW!

THE POWER OF JOE'S BACKHOE WAS ASTONISHING. WE CHUGGED THROUGH THE FIRE LIKE A PLOW FROM HELL!

EACH TIME I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DIE, I'D WEDGE MYSELF INTO A CORNER, TRYING TO AVOID CRACKING MY SKULL ON A WINDOW OR ON JOE.

HOWARD
SIR! SOMEONE'S MADE A PATH AROUND THE FIRE! WE CAN CONTAIN THIS THING IF WE SURROUND IT!
DO IT!

YOU GUYS ARE PRETTY CRAZY TO COME BACK OUT HERE WITH A JEEP!
SPLURG!
SPLOOSH!
CRUNCH!
HUH! ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE THAT ONE.
THUD.
I THINK YOU'RE PRETTY CRAZY TOO, JOE.
WUD!
SINCE JOE PRETTY MUCH DROVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WE ARRIVED AT THE POND.

LUCKILY, IT WAS RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT IT.
GOD DAMN! LOOK AT THAT THING! ARE THOSE TEMPORARY LICENSE PLATES?

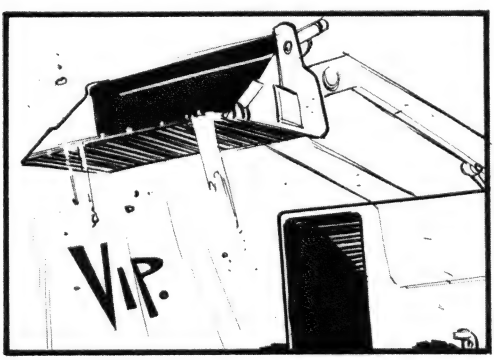
YEAH. WE PICKED IT UP EARLIER THIS MORNING AT THE DEALER.
AND YOU ALREADY GOT IT STUCK?

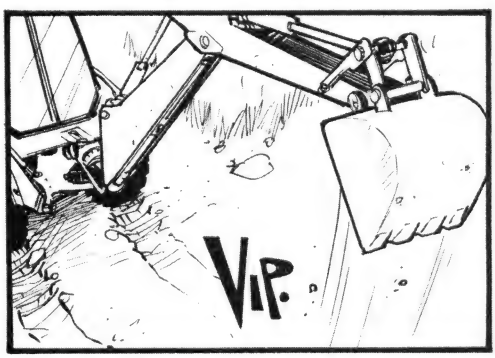
YEAH. AND IT WASN'T EASY, EITHER.
YOU GUYS GOT BALLS!
THANKS.

HEY.
DUDE... I'M GETTING A BACKHOE!

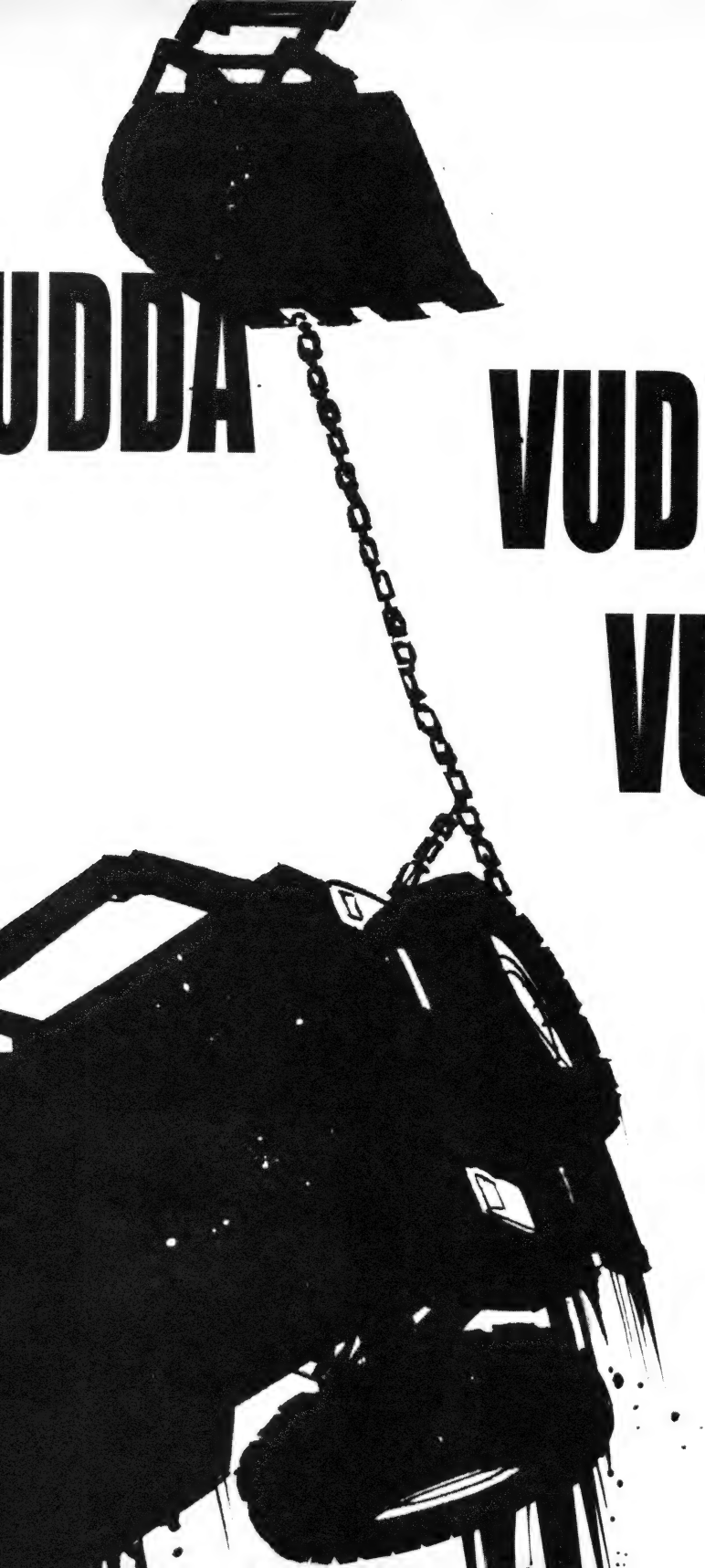
OKAY JOE. WE'RE READY.

THE FIRE WAS CREEPING CLOSER BY THE MINUTE, SO WE DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.
WE WORKED AS QUICKLY AS WE COULD.
STAND BACK! I'M GONNA TURN AROUND SO THE BACKHOE IS FACING THE POND.


VIP.


VIP.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!
HOOF!
HERE. FIND A PLACE TO HIDE THIS!
ALL SET.
STAND BACK.
LOOP IT THROUGH THE RIMS.
WILL IT HOLD?
IT BETTER.
VUDDA VUDDA VUDDA
VUDDA VUDDA VUDDA


UDDA
VUDDA
VUDDA
VUDDA

JOE GOT IT OUT.
IT LOOKED LIKE HE'D REELED IN A HUGE YELLOW FISH.
THAT IMAGE WILL STAY WITH ME FOREVER.

WE WEREN'T SURE IF THE JEEP WOULD EVEN START.
WE'D PAID OUR PENANCE ALL DAY LONG. IF IT DIDN'T START THEN THERE WAS NO GOD.
VA-VA-VA-VA-VA-V
VA-BROOOOOOOOOOM
AH HA!
AIN'T NO THANG, SUKRA! I PITY DA FOOL WHO DON'T BELIEVE!
YES!
ALL RIGHT, NOW LISTEN UP! YOU CAN'T DRIVE THROUGH THE FIRE SLOWLY AND YOU CAN'T FOLLOW ME THROUGH!
YOU DON'T WANT TO MELT AND I DON'T WANT TO ACCIDENTALLY KNOCK A TREE ON YOU!
WAIT UNTIL I'M OUT OF THE WAY AND BACK ONTO THE STREET, THEN CHARGE THROUGH AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO AVOID THE FLAMES! AND KEEP YOUR ARMS INSIDE THE JEEP!

SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE!

DUDE...THIS IS BAD. I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN MAKE THIS. HOW AM I GONNA SEE WHERE--

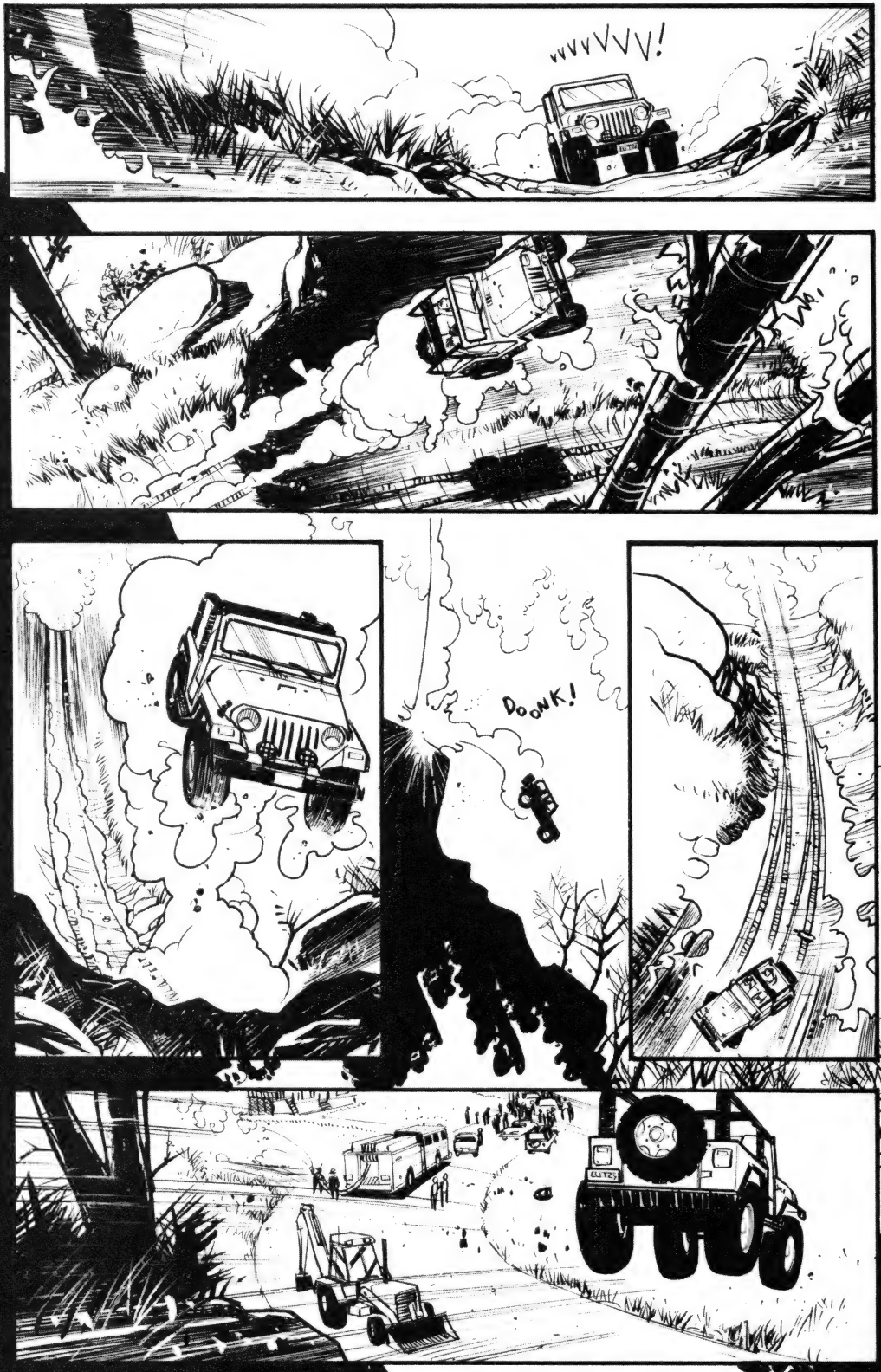
IN FIVE MINUTES, WE'LL BE SAFE WITH THIS WHOLE DAY BEHIND US. YOU CAN DO THIS.

WE'LL BE FINE. IT'S TIME TO GO.

YOU CAN DO THIS, SUCKA!

MR. T? IT'S REALLY YOU!

WHAT?
NOTHIN'.
VOOM!
VOOM!
Jeep


WWWVVV!
DOONK!

IRRRRRRRRRT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE JUST MADE THAT!
DUDE... YOU'RE INSANE.
HAW HAW!!!

THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MAKE IT!
WHAT?! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US?
I DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE YOU!

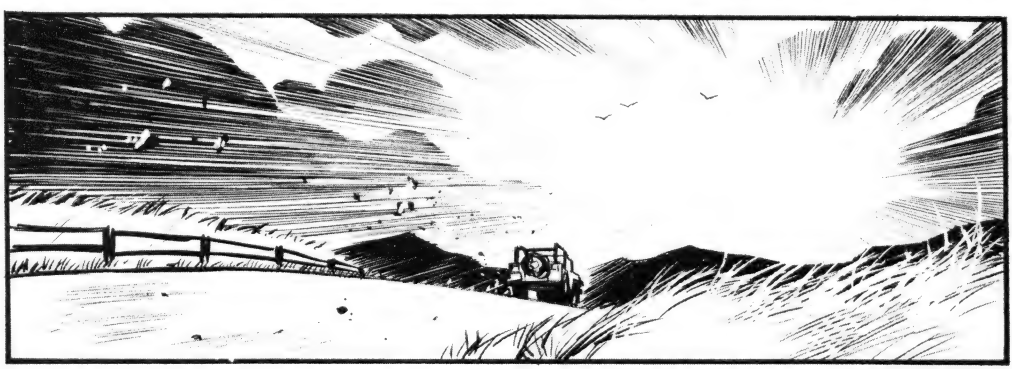
JOE... THANKS. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU? MONEY? GIVE YOU OUR FIRST BORNS?
NO NO NO! IT'S NO PROBLEM!
JOE...
FORGET IT! I'VE GOT A BODY SHOP JUST DOWN THE ROAD. JUST STOP BY SOMETIME AND SAY "HI".

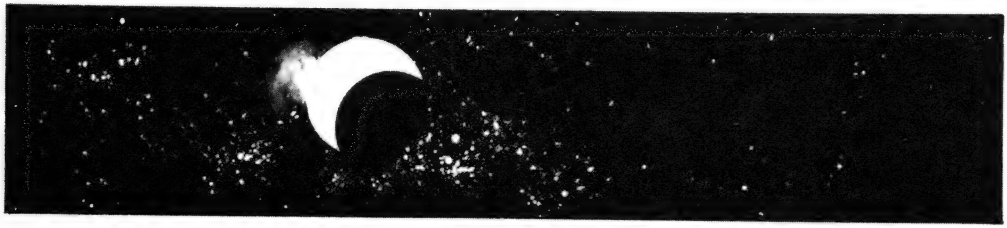
WILL DO!
AND BE SURE TO RUN THE ENGINE FOR A WHILE TO CLEAN OUT THE WATER.
THANKS JOE.

I CAN REMOVE THOSE CLIFFS WITH A TORCH BACK AT THE SHOP! I'VE DONE IT A FEW TIMES BEFORE!
CLICK!
THANKS, BUT WE'RE LATE FOR A PARTY.

ALRIGHT THEN! GIVE 'EM HELL FOR ME!
SEE YOU LATER, JOE.

THANKS TO THOSE THREE KIDS AND THE NUT IN THE BACKHOE, WE WERE ABLE TO FINALLY STOP THE FIRE!
GOOD WORK! WHY DON'T YOU TWO GO OVER THERE AND THANK THEM.
NO WAY, SIR!
THEY POKED FUN AT NED'S PUNY VOICE AND THEN STOLE MY HANDCUFFS!

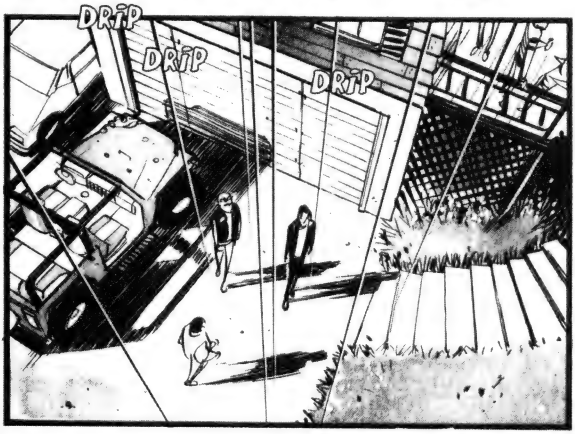




VVVVVVVV

VVVVVVVVVVVVV

WELL... I GUESS WE SHOULD GO IN.


DRIP
DRIP
DRIP

IT NEVER ENDS, DOES IT?
IS THE INTERIOR GOING TO BE RUINED?
I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE MUD WASHING OFF.
HE'S RIGHT. WE EARNED THAT MUD.
WE COULD ALWAYS GET MORE.
I MEAN, WE'D HAVE TO BE PRETTY CRAZY TO GO OFF ROADING IN THE RAIN.

I DON'T EVEN THINK MR. T WOULD DO IT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, TRENT?
LET'S GO.

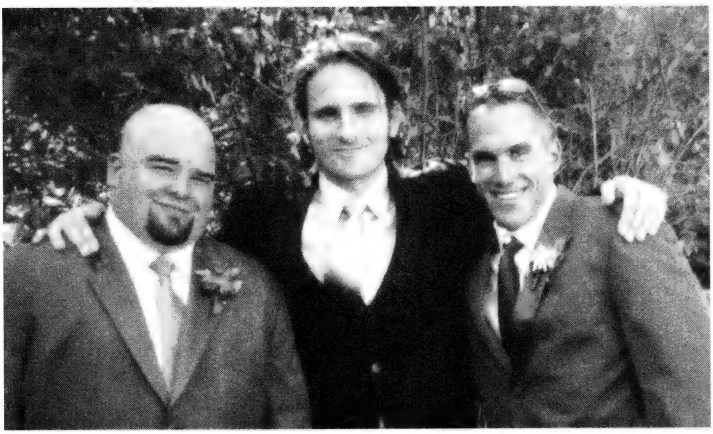
I DON'T NEED TO BE HERE.
YEAH. I DON'T THINK WE'D FIT IN.
LUTZY
HEH.
YEAH, YOU DON'T WANT TO GO IN THERE, TRENT.
IT'S NOT REALLY AN "ART PARTY".
WHATEVER DUDE. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY HAVE SPORTS PARTIES EITHER, ASS.
YEAH... IT'S CALLED THE SUPERBOWL.
WHAT ABOUT A MR. T PARTY?
OH MAN! IMAGINE THE GLORY!
IMAGINE THE ANGER.
YEAH. YOUR DAD WOULD DEFINETELY BE THERE.

the end

Special thanks to Greg and Brad.
Thanks for letting me pick on all those times that meant so much.

And seriously...we would have made it through that puddle
if Greg hadn't screwed up.

Brad's wedding



SUMMER 2005

A warm thanks to Christina Vassill, Peter Nelson, Jessica Green, Scott Monteiro,
Zach Howard, Meghan Shannon, Tom Murphy, Debbie Murphy, and Jeff Dutton.
You guys helped me out with your kindness, support,
and suggestions on making this story a lot better.

I'm a moron and couldn't have done it without you.

And also thanks to my editor, James,
for believing in me years ago when I was still a loser.

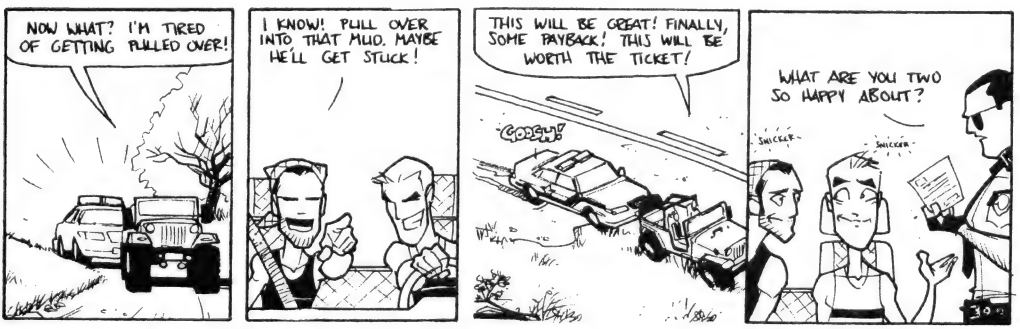
And thank you, Randy, for reading the script as well.

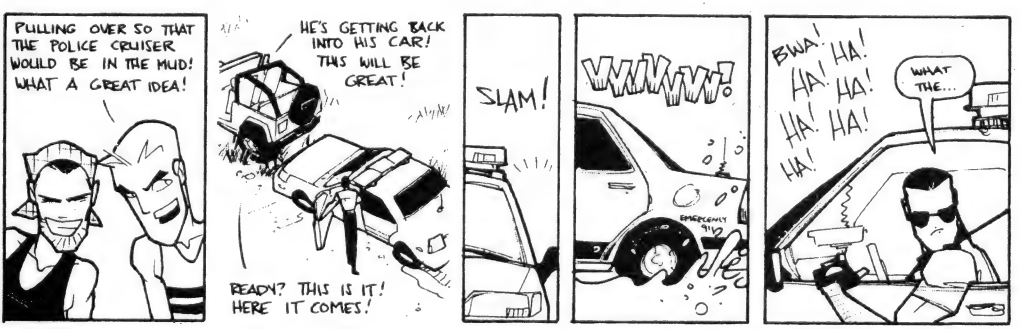
The Strips

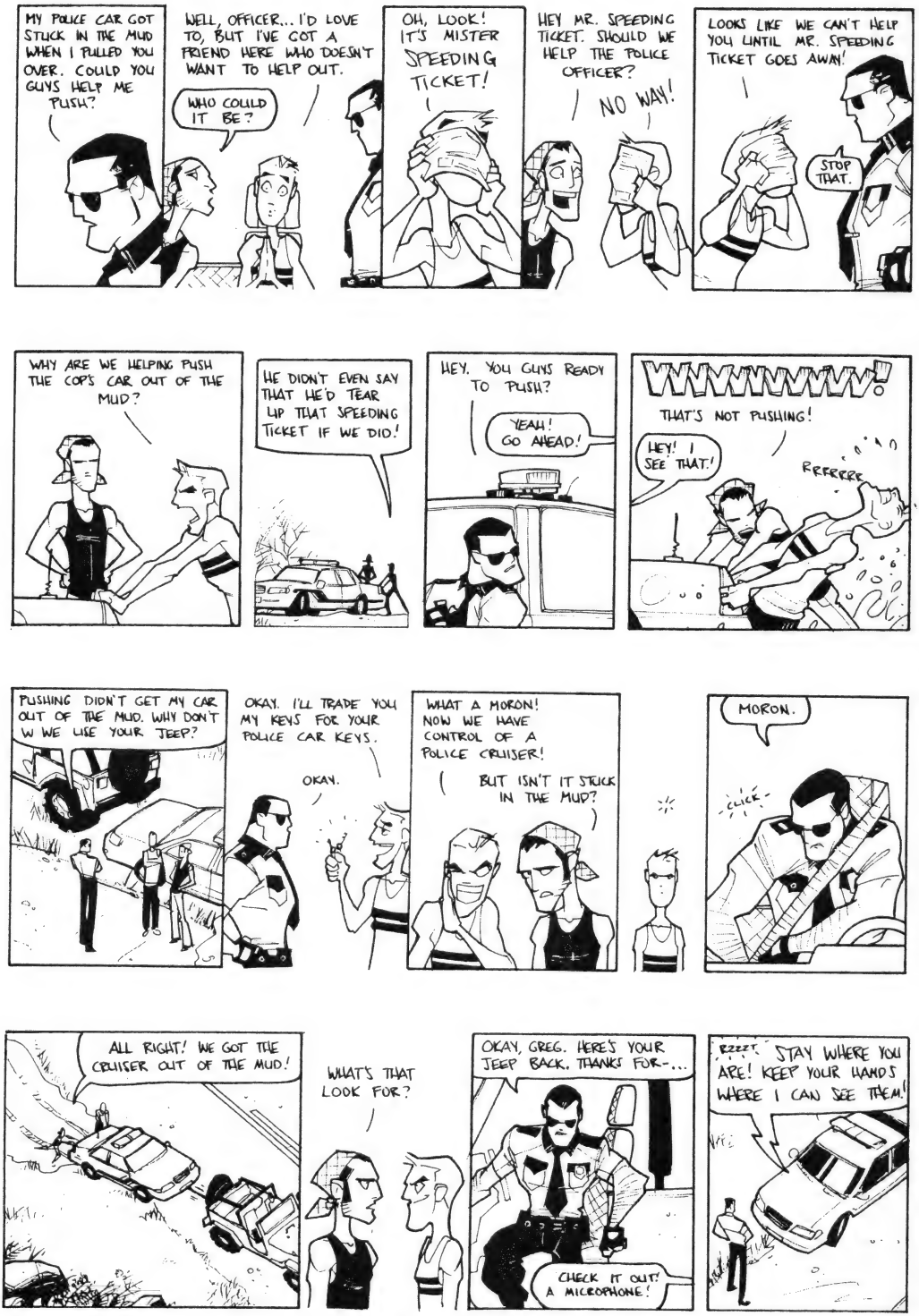
For my senior project in college, I submitted about 30 comic strips to the major syndicates. It was originally called "Mudding," but I changed it to "Off Road" when I realized that people don't want to read about mud.

I got rejection letters from the syndicates with no explanation, which is cool, because those guys get hundreds of submissions each week. I made up my own explanation instead. It said that they were too busy publishing CRAP to bother with anything as sweet as "Off Road." I figured I could get it published eventually in comic book form, anyway.

My favorite strips are the ones with the cop messing with Greg. The cop is based on Henry Rollins.






MY POLICE CAR GOT STUCK IN THE MUD WHEN I PULLED YOU OVER. COULD YOU GUYS HELP ME PUSH?
WELL, OFFICER... I'D LOVE TO, BUT I'VE GOT A FRIEND HERE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO HELP OUT.
WHO COULD IT BE?
OH, LOOK! IT'S MISTER SPEEDING TICKET!
HEY MR. SPEEDING TICKET. SHOULD WE HELP THE POLICE OFFICER?
NO WAY!
LOOKS LIKE WE CAN'T HELP YOU UNTIL MR. SPEEDING TICKET GOES AWAY!
STOP THAT.
WHY ARE WE HELPING PUSH THE COP'S CAR OUT OF THE MUD?
HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY THAT HE'D TEAR UP THAT SPEEDING TICKET IF WE DID!
HEY. YOU GUYS READY TO PUSH?
YEAH! GO AHEAD!
WWWWWWWV!
THAT'S NOT PUSHING!
HEY! I SEE THAT!
RRRRRR
PUSHING DIDN'T GET MY CAR OUT OF THE MUD. WHY DON'T W WE USE YOUR JEEP?
OKAY. I'LL TRADE YOU MY KEYS FOR YOUR POLICE CAR KEYS.
OKAY.
WHAT A MORON! NOW WE HAVE CONTROL OF A POLICE CRUISER!
BUT ISN'T IT STUCK IN THE MUD?
MORON.
-CLICK-
ALL RIGHT! WE GOT THE CRUISER OUT OF THE MUD!
WHAT'S THAT LOOK FOR?
OKAY, GREG. HERE'S YOUR JEEP BACK. THANKS FOR-...
CHECK IT OUT! A MICROPHONE!
RZZZT. STAY WHERE YOU ARE! KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

OKAY. I'M CRUMBLING UP YOUR SPEEDING TICKET BECAUSE YOU HELPED PUSH ME OUT OF THE MUD.
CRINKLE
CRINKLE
HERE.
FEEL BETTER?
ALMOST...
CRINKLE
CRINKLE
FAT?
YOU REALLY ARE A MORON.
HEY! THERE'S NO HANDLES ON THESE DOORS!

SO WHY DON'T YOU ASK OUT THE GIRL IN THE COFFEE SHOP?
SHE SEEMS SO AMAZING. I GUESS I'M JUST AFRAID TO LOSE THAT PERFECT IMAGE.
RELAX. IF SHE HURTS YOU, WE CAN ALWAYS GO OFF ROADING.
THANKS.

YOU MUST FEEL AWFUL.
I MEAN SERIOUSLY... YOU MUST FEEL LIKE CRAP.
SHUT UP, SEAN! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE?
FINE. I'M LEAVING.
SPLOSH
MAN... WHAT'S EATING YOU?

EVER FEEL DOWN FOR NO REASON?
ALL THE TIME.
BUT I FIND THAT THIS HELPS.

YOU KNOW... I USED TO OWN A JEEP.
REALLY?
IT WAS GREAT DRIVING IN THE DIRT, KICKING UP DUST, CAUSING TROUBLE.
YEAH! TROUBLE!
CUTTING THROUGH PRIVATE PROPERTY, TRESPASSING, BREAKING THE LAW.
YEAH! DOWN WITH THE LAW!
OF COURSE... THAT'S ALL ILLEGAL, AND IT WASN'T RIGHT. SO, IF I EVEN CAUGHT SOMEONE DOING IT...
UH... YEAH. OBEY THE LAW.

DUDE... WE CAN TOTALLY MAKE THIS!
WOULD YOU DO THIS IF IT WAS YOUR JEEP?
WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY? I WOULDN'T HAVE EVEN TAKEN IT THIS FAR!
I HATE YOU.
BUT IT'S NOT MY JEEP, SO WE CAN DO THIS!
WHAT'S SO HARD ABOUT THIS?

WHYAMIDOINGTHIS?! WHYAMIDOINGTHIS?! WHYAMIDOINGTHIS?!
WHY AM I DOING THIS?
RELAX, MAN. JUST THINK ABOUT HOW GREAT YOU'LL FEEL AT THE BOTTOM!
THINK HOW GREAT I'D FEEL IF YOU WEREN'T MY FRIEND!

GREAT. NOW WE'RE STUCK!
THUD.
WHY DO I LISTEN TO YOU, SEAN? YOU GO TO ART SCHOOL! WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW ABOUT PHYSICS?
YEAH? WELL YOU'RE JUST SOME DUMB JOCK WHO RUNS TRACK! WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT, RUN AROUND, AND FIND HELP?
GREAT. NOW WE'RE GONNA DIE!
QUICK! SOMEONE GET AN ARTIST! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
SCREECH

DON'T MOVE!
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT OF THIS! JUST THINK... WHAT WOULD MR. T DO?
MR. T?
YEAH.
I THINK HE'D START CHOKING SOMEONE... ... LIKE THIS!
AH! STAY ON YOUR SIDE!
WE MADE IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE MADE IT?
MR. T WOULD BE PROUD, GREG.
I PITY DA' FOOL WHO DON'T BELIEVE!
DUDE, CHECK IT OUT. I GOT FIRE EXTINGUISHERS FOR THE JEEP.
WOW. THAT'S PRETTY MANLY.
LET'S LIGHT THE JEEP ON FIRE!
WHAT?!
BUT THINK OF HOW MANLY SCORCH MARKS ARE!
THINK OF HOW MANLY BLACK EYES ARE!
RELAX! YOU'VE GOT A FIRE EXTINGUISHER!
YEAH, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE IT!
WELL THAT'S NOT VERY MANLY.
-SNIFF- I KNOW!
GREAT. NOW WE'RE STUCK IN THE MUD.
I KNOW WHAT TO DO! LET ME DRIVE. I CAN GET US OUT!
THIS WILL BE GOOD.
UNCLICK
UNCLICK
READY?
WWWWWW!!
GOOD JOB, SEAN. THEY TEACH YOU THAT IN ART SCHOOL?
BITE ME.

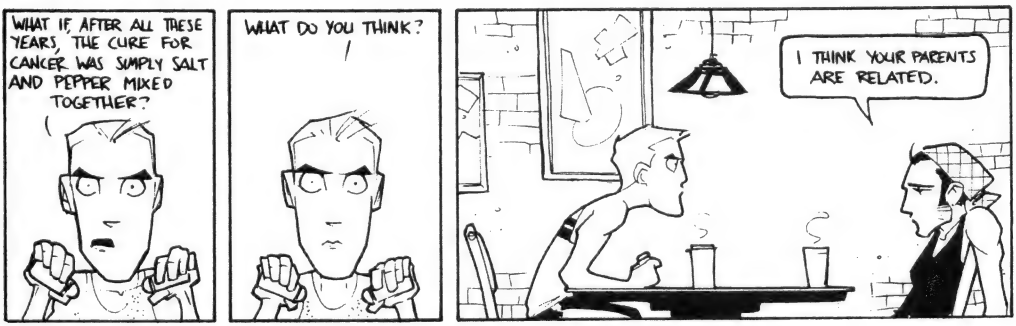
HERE COMES GREG, AND HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A HURRY!
I'D BETTER SLOW DOWN SO I CAN MAKE HIM LATE! BOY, WILL HE BE MAD!
RRRRRR!
RELAX, GREG. I'M REASONABLY SURE THAT THIS LADY ISN'T PURPOSEFULLY TRYING TO UPSET YOU.
WELL I'M REASONABLY SURE, SHE IS!

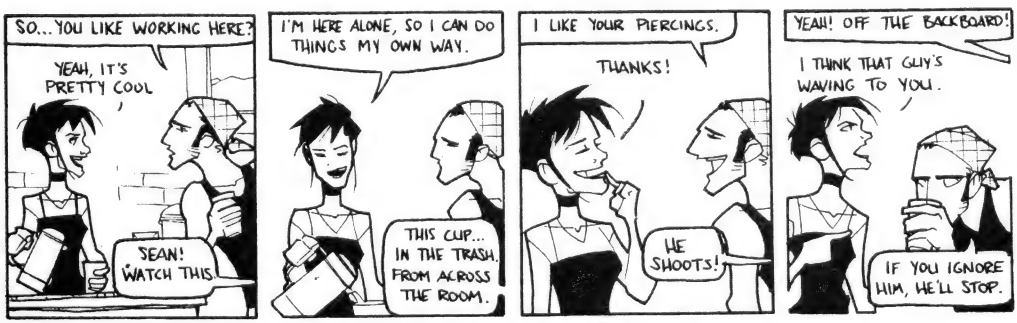
DO YOU KNOW WHY I PULLED YOU OVER?
NO, OFFICER.
YOU WERE TAILGATING.
BUT OFFICER, SHE WAS DRIVING SLOWLY AND MAKING ME LATE!
HHMPH. YEAH, I HATE WHEN THEY DO THAT.
TELL YOU WHAT. WHY DON'T I LET YOU OFF, AND GO ARREST HER?
REALLY?
NO. YOU'RE STILL GETTING A TICKET!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
I THOUGHT IT WAS!

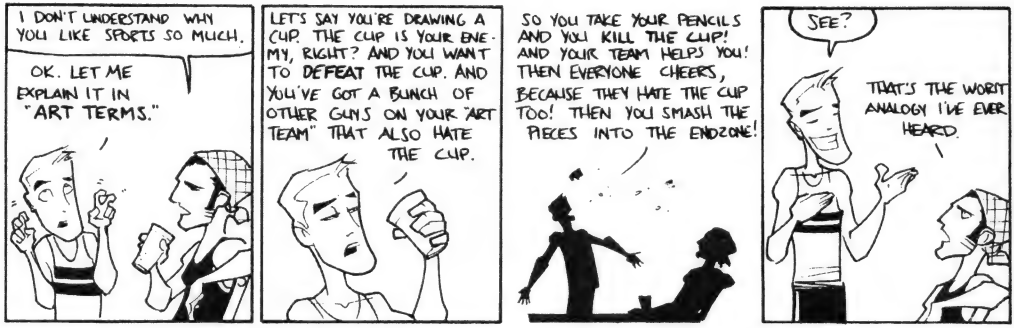
SO, DO YOU KNOW WHY I PULLED YOU OVER?
UH... NO.
ACTUALLY, I FORGET WHY I PULLED YOU OVER.
HE WAS SPEEDING.
OH YEAH! THAT WAS IT!
GET OUT OF THE CAR!
DUDE, 5 YEARS FROM NOW YOU'LL THANK ME.
5 YEARS FROM NOW, I'LL HAVE RUN YOU OVER!
UH, THAT'S ILLEGAL, TOO.

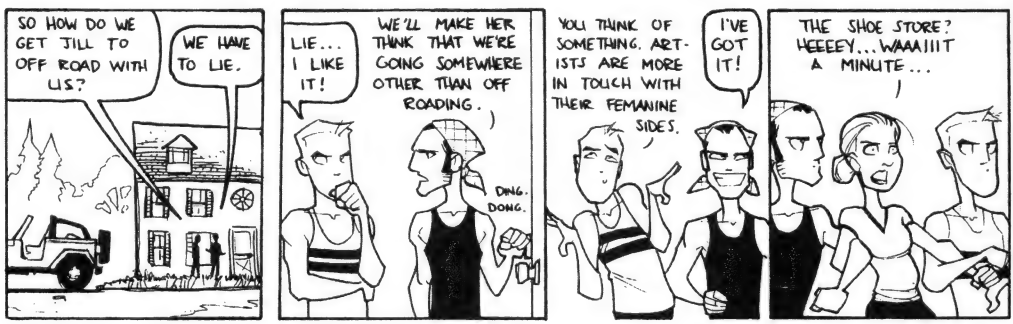
WOW, YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD ARTIST. YOU MUST PRACTICE ALL THE TIME!
ONLY WHEN I'M NOT ENJOYING YOUR COFFEE.
DUH..." ONLY WHEN I'M NOT ENJOYING YOUR COFFEE!"
I WASN'T READY! SHE CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD!

SO... WHAT IS ART, ANYWAY?
ART IS AN INDESCRIBABLE THING THAT'S DEEP INSIDE, AND IT DOESN'T STAY DOWN.
IT CAN'T HELP BUT FORCE IT'S WAY OUT EVENTUALLY
KINDA LIKE THE 3 COFFEES I JUST HAD FORCING THEIR WAY OUT OF MY BODY?
KINDA LIKE THAT, BUT LESS DISGUSTING.
EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO MAKE SOME ART.


WHAT IF, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE CURE FOR CANCER WAS SIMPLY SALT AND PEPPER MIXED TOGETHER?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK YOUR PARENTS ARE RELATED.


SO... YOU LIKE WORKING HERE?
YEAH, IT'S PRETTY COOL
SEAN! WATCH THIS
I'M HERE ALONE, SO I CAN DO THINGS MY OWN WAY.
THIS CUP... IN THE TRASH. FROM ACROSS THE ROOM.
I LIKE YOUR PIERCINGS.
THANKS!
HE SHOOTS!
YEAH! OFF THE BACKBOARD!
I THINK THAT GUY'S WAVING TO YOU.
IF YOU IGNORE HIM, HE'LL STOP.


I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU LIKE SPORTS SO MUCH.
OK. LET ME EXPLAIN IT IN "ART TERMS."
LET'S SAY YOU'RE DRAWING A CUP. THE CUP IS YOUR ENEMY, RIGHT? AND YOU WANT TO DEFEAT THE CUP. AND YOU'VE GOT A BUNCH OF OTHER GUYS ON YOUR "ART TEAM" THAT ALSO HATE THE CUP.
SO YOU TAKE YOUR PENCILS AND YOU KILL THE CUP! AND YOUR TEAM HELPS YOU! THEN EVERYONE CHEERS, BECAUSE THEY HATE THE CUP TOO! THEN YOU SMASH THE PIECES INTO THE ENDZONE!
SEE?
THAT'S THE WORST ANALOGY I'VE EVER HEARD.


SO HOW DO WE GET JILL TO OFF ROAD WITH US?
WE HAVE TO LIE.
LIE... I LIKE IT!
WE'LL MAKE HER THINK THAT WE'RE GOING SOMEWHERE OTHER THAN OFF ROADING.
DING. DONG.
YOU THINK OF SOMETHING. ARTISTS ARE MORE IN TOUCH WITH THEIR FEMANINE SIDES.
I'VE GOT IT!
THE SHOE STORE? HEEEEY... WAAA!!!T A MINUTE...

HEY SEAN. LET'S PICK UP JILL BEFORE OFF-ROADING TODAY.
WHAT USE IS IT FOR US TO BE MANLY WITHOUT A FEMALE TO BE AWED BY IT?
GOOD POINT.
OHMYGAWD! YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! THIS IS SO DANGEROUS! YOU'RE BOTH COMPLETELY INSANE!
YEAH, JILL! SAY IT AGAIN!

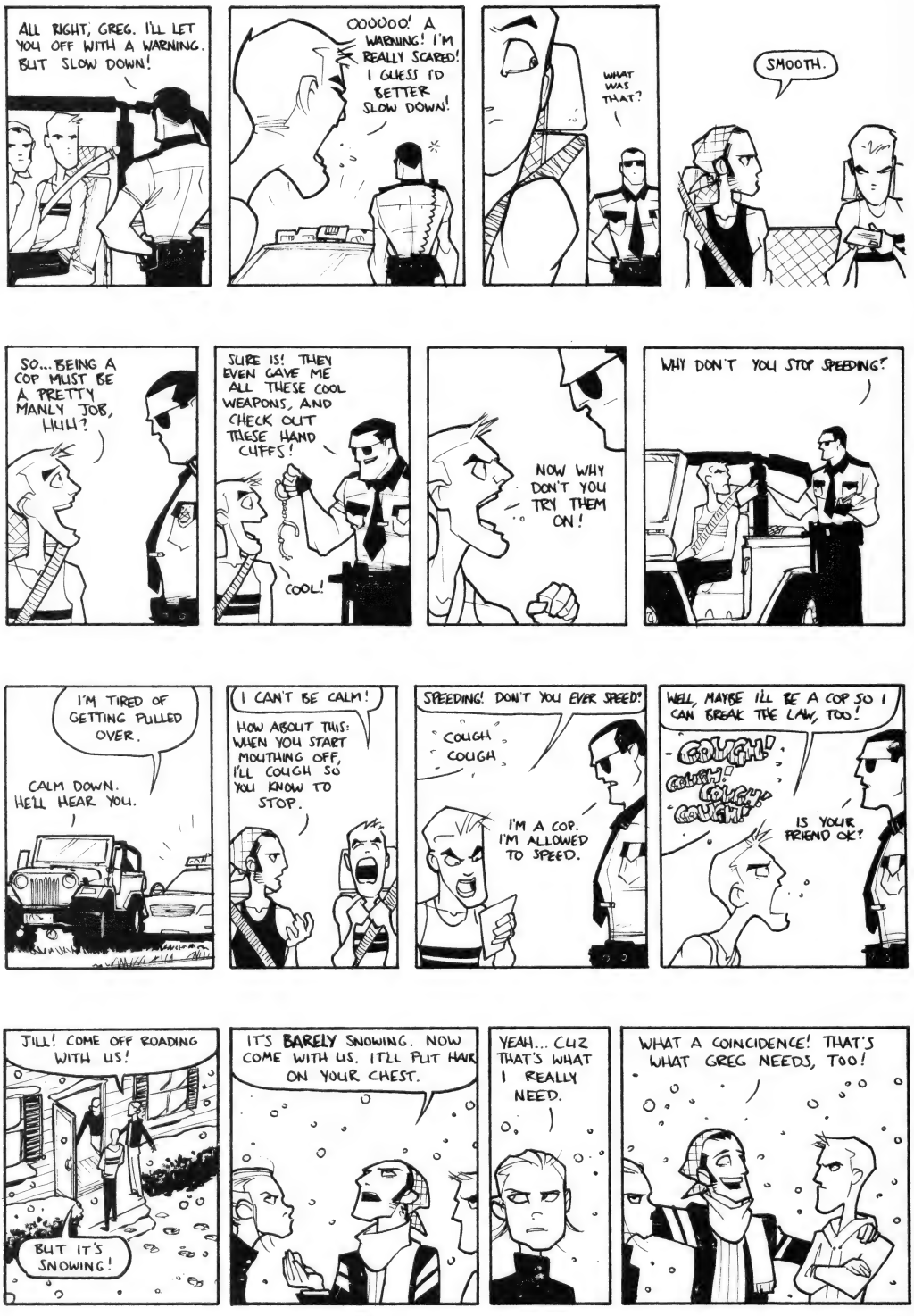
I HATE THIS! YOU GUYS ALWAYS TRICK ME INTO COMING, AND I ALWAYS REGRET IT!
LESS TALK, MORE PUSH, JILL.
YEAH. THE JEEP'S NOT GOING TO PUSH ITSELF OUT.
HOW COME SEAN'S NOT PUSHING?
BECAUSE YOU WERE IN THE BACK SEAT, CLOSEST TO THE PROBLEM, AND SEAN'S WAY UP IN THE FRONT SEAT WITH ME!
THAT'S NOT A REASON!

MAKE SEAN PUSH YOU OUT OF THE MUD! I DON'T WANT TO!
JILL! YOU REALLY LOOK THIN TODAY. YOU MUST BE REALLY LIGHT.
REALLY? YOU THINK SO?
YEAH. AND SEAN'S HEAVY, SO HE'LL WEIGH THE FRONT DOWN UNLESS YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE HEAVIER.
.....
OH!
HIGH FIVE FOR THE LOOP-HOLE!

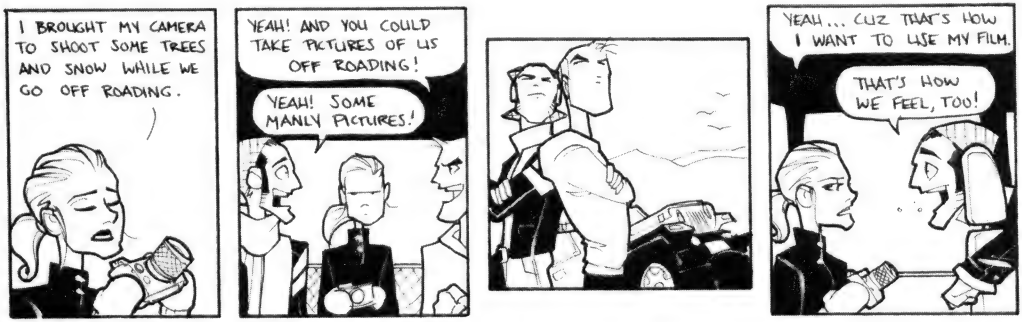
THEY SAY THAT SNEEZING IS THE CLOSEST TO DYING YOU'LL EVER COME, BECAUSE YOUR HEART SKIPS ONE BEAT.
BUT WHAT IF YOU SNEEZE WHILE HANGING FROM A CLIFF?
THINK ABOUT IT.

YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF PULLING YOU OVER, GREG.
THEN DON'T.
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, ANYWAY?
I DON'T KNOW! EVEN IF I HAVE NO PLACE TO BE, I STILL CAN'T HELP BUT TRY TO GET THERE AS FAST AS I CAN!
SO DO I GET A DISCOUNT ON THE TICKET FOR BEING HONEST?
NO, BUT I APPRECIATE YOUR HONESTY.
WELL, A LOT OF GOOD THAT'S GONNA DO ME!

LOOK AT ALL THE COOL STUFF YOU CAN ADD TO YOUR CLIP!
THEY'VE GOT SUGAR, BROWN SUGAR, HONEY, CHOCOLATE, NUTMEG, CREAM, AND HALF & HALF.
SO WHAT KIND OF COFFEE DID YOU GET?
COFFEE?! WHAT AM I, MADE OF MONEY?
HEY KID! GET AWAY FROM THE FREE CONDIMENTS!
RUN!

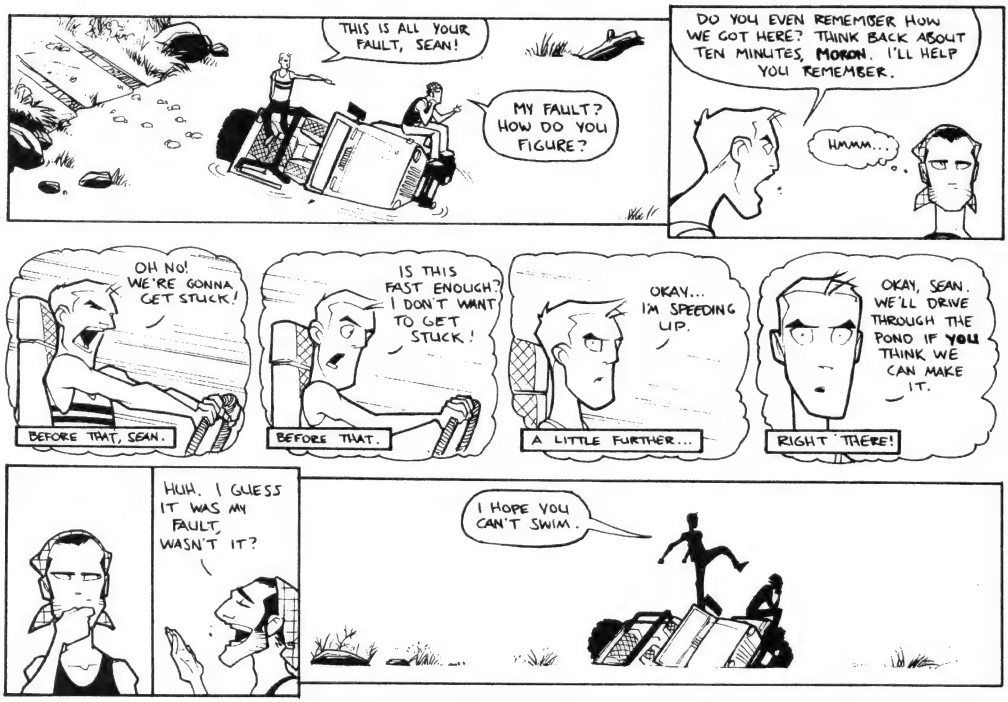

ALL RIGHT, GREG. I'LL LET YOU OFF WITH A WARNING. BUT SLOW DOWN!
OOOOOO! A WARNING! I'M REALLY SCARED! I GUESS I'D BETTER SLOW DOWN!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SMOOTH.
SO... BEING A COP MUST BE A PRETTY MANLY JOB, HUH?
SURE IS! THEY EVEN GAVE ME ALL THESE COOL WEAPONS, AND CHECK OUT THESE HAND CUFFS!
COOL!
NOW WHY DON'T YOU TRY THEM ON!
WHY DON'T YOU STOP SPEEDING?
I'M TIRED OF GETTING PULLED OVER.
CALM DOWN. HE'LL HEAR YOU.
I CAN'T BE CALM!
HOW ABOUT THIS: WHEN YOU START MOUTHING OFF, I'LL COUGH SO YOU KNOW TO STOP.
SPEEDING! DON'T YOU EVER SPEED?
COUGH COUGH
I'M A COP. I'M ALLOWED TO SPEED.
WELL, MAYBE I'LL BE A COP SO I CAN BREAK THE LAW, TOO!
COUGH! COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!
IS YOUR FRIEND OK?
JILL! COME OFF ROADING WITH US!
BUT IT'S SNOWING!
IT'S BARELY SNOWING. NOW COME WITH US. IT'LL PUT HAIR ON YOUR CHEST.
YEAH... CUZ THAT'S WHAT I REALLY NEED.
WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THAT'S WHAT GREG NEEDS, TOO!

C'MON, JILL! LET'S PICK UP THE PACE!
WHY? YOU GUYS IN A HURRY TO GET STUCK?
LET'S TRY AND DROP THE SARCASM, JILL.
YEAH, JILL. THAT'S NOT A HEALTHY ATTITUDE.
"YOU GUYS ARE GREAT. NOTHING CAN STOP YOU IN YOUR JEEP."
HOW WAS THAT?
OKAY, JILL. NOW LET'S TRY IT WITHOUT ROLLING YOUR EYES.


I BROUGHT MY CAMERA TO SHOOT SOME TREES AND SNOW WHILE WE GO OFF ROADING.
YEAH! AND YOU COULD TAKE PICTURES OF US OFF ROADING!
YEAH! SOME MANLY PICTURES!
YEAH... CUZ THAT'S HOW I WANT TO USE MY FILM.
THAT'S HOW WE FEEL, TOO!

OKAY. HOW ABOUT THIS...
WE BACK THE JEEP ONTO THE POND, BREAKING THE ICE A LITTLE. SO THAT ONE TIRE GOES THROUGH. THEN JILL TAKES A PICTURE THAT ONLY LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK.
HOW GREAT WOULD THAT BE?
I LIKE IT.
JILL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK WE'RE WALKING HOME.

OK, JILL. HOW ABOUT A PHOTO OF US LIKE THIS?
STEP A LITTLE CLOSER TO ME, GREG.
LIKE THIS?
PERFECT.
SHAKE.
SHAKE.
PLOP!
JILL... YOU'RE WALKING HOME.
CLICK.



The Male Mentality of Off Roading

The Reality of Off Roading

At one point, my college decided that it was allowed to keep whatever assignments the students passed in. We all hated the administration and especially the president. I made sure my work didn't appeal to the school so they wouldn't take it or hang it up.

WHAM!
SEE? NOW WASN'T THAT GREAT?
I DON'T KNOW...
SIGH...COME WITH ME.
PEOPLE HATE THE PRESIDENT OF THIS PATHETIC COLLEGE. TAKING HER OUT ISN'T FUNNY, BUT IT'S STILL COOL TO SEE.
SO WE CAN SHOOT HER?
RIGHT!
POP!
gurrgle...
DO YOU SEE WHAT I'M SAYING?
YEAH...
...BUT HURTING PEOPLE LIKE THAT? IT SEEMS KIND OF VIOLENT.
AW COME ON! WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

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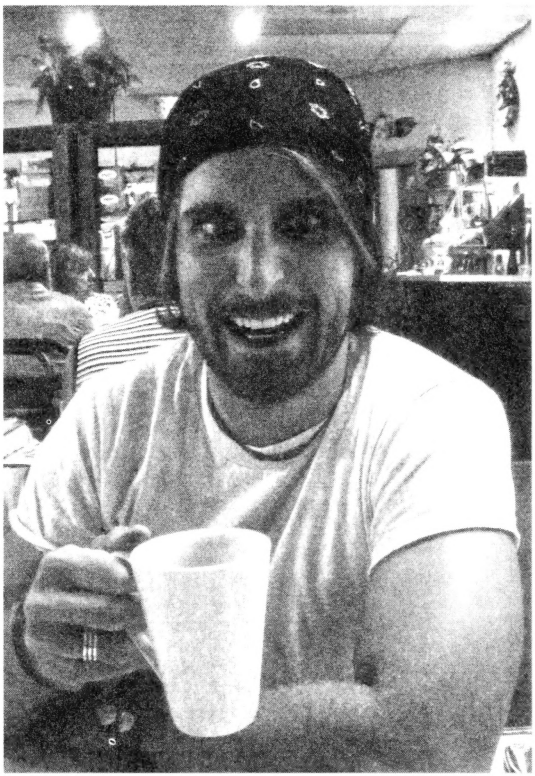

SEAN MURPHY has been drawing comics for about three years. His credits include *Batman*, *Star Wars*, *Noble Causes*, *Spike*, *Heaven's Devils* and *Crush*. He does concept design and storyboarding on the side, as well as attemp to write. This is his first solo gig.

He loves the work of

Bill Watterson, Tim Sale, Jorge Zaffino, Kyle Baker, Alex Toth, Jim Holdaway, Chris Ware, Eduardo Risso, Jason Lutes, Edward Hopper, Zach Howard and Michel Rabagliati, to name a few.

Sean lives in Massachusetts.
He dreams about getting a dog and a motorcycle and one day having health insurance.

Here's him acting like a psycho while drinking coffee.

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